The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1899.

The Week.

It is over fifty years since John Stuart Mill, in the first edition of his 'Political Economy,' called attention to our practice of burning human beings alive, as an illustration of American character. The civil war led him to change his views about us, and erase these passages from subsequent editions. We consoled ourselves under his criticisms by the reflection that it was slavery that had started these things, and that emancipation would usher in "nobler manners, purer laws." It is thirty-four years since emancipation, and the practice of burning and torturing black men by the verdict of unknown mobs has steadily continued and grown. It is pretended now and then that it is caused by negro assaults on white women. As a matter of fact, the punishment of death at the hands of a mob is inflicted, with circumstances of more or less atrocity, at the South, for anything which happens to displease the local mob. We have no certainty that the assaults on women always occur, nor is any attempt to ascertain their truth, by any process known to civilized men, ever made. The fact is, that the burning and torturings increase in number, are not punished, and that the only legal efforts that we have heard of to prevent them have been, in Texas, disfranchising the sheriff, and in South Carolina, putting a fine on the county in which the outrage occurs. The impossibility of criminal pursuit is a striking illustration of the state of civilization which produces them.

Do we spend an hour's thought, after we have yelled over San Juan, on the question, what sort of young men a few years more of unpunished burning and torturing will give us? And what will be the effect of adding to these amusements more conquests and assaults and devastation among people who have never injured us, of rendering life still less sacred, the arts of peace still more contemptible, and the habits of plunder and slaughter still more exalted, by a few more aggressive wars, and holding up a few more avowed buccaneers for example to our youth? We may never get an answer to these questions, but as sure as the world is ruled by retribution, they will have to be answered. "The moving finger writes, and, having writ, moves on." Not all your drums or trumpets or flag-hoistings can avert the inevitable day of account.

We gave last week some graphic pictures of the wholesale looting by our troops in the vicinity of Manila, on the island of Luzon, from the letters of private soldiers in Western regiments to their homes. We can now supplement these with a similar sketch of the pillage committed upon the island of Iloilo, found in the letter of D. M. Mickle, a private in the Tennessee regiment now serving in the Philippines. After describing the burning of the city of Iloilo by the natives, he thus tells of a visit to the house of the Spanish Governor-General, "the most gorgeously furnished house I ever saw in these islands";

> "The building had been taken possession of by a United States officer, and he looted it to a finish. I suspected something and followed one of his men to the place. I expected to be jumped on by the officer as soon as I found him there, as I was away from my post, but it seems he was afraid I would give him away; in fact, we were both afraid of each other. He was half drunk, and every time he saw me look at anything he would say, 'Tennessee, do you like that? Well, put it in your pocket.' "

The writer says he is using some paper which he found in the house of a Spanish tax collector in Jaro, and adds:

> "The house was a fine one, richly furnished, but had been looted to a finish. The contents of every drawer had been emptied on the floor. You have no idea what a mania for destruction the average man has when the fear of the law is removed. I have seen them—old, sober business men, too—knock chandeliers and plate-glass mirrors to pieces just because they couldn't carry them off. It is such a pity."

English setters-on of American Imperialists are just now loud in their cries that America must not "retreat." They trust we have too much pride and resolution to turn tail in the Philippines. But there is no question of retreating, except from so much of our blundering as it is still possible to retrieve by a change of method. It is not pride but stupidity to persist in a course proved to be insane. And it is certain that the events of the past five months have shown the President's plan for subduing the Philippines to have been ignorantly conceived, and to have utterly failed in execution. The Manila correspondent of *Harper's Weekly* distinctly affirms that the trouble dates from Mr. McKinley's first proclamation in December. The natives paid no attention to his fine phrases and buttery promises, but fastened on his statement that they must submit or die. A little real statesmanship then, a little wisdom drawn from the experience of others, a little docility in taking the advice of men like Sir Andrew Clarke and Dr. A. R. Wallace, would have prevented all the miseries that followed. Now that the frightful mistake is displayed to all the world, it is not a retreat, it is only a resumption of common sense, to go back and do, even if belated, what should have been done in the beginning. The thing to remember is that Mr. McKinley can stop all this wanton slaughter in the Philippines by one short cablegram. He can order an immediate cessation of all aggressive military operations. He can insist on peaceful negotiations with the native leaders, satisfying their legitimate desires, and at the same time discharging our whole international duty. Will he do it? Let the whole bench of Methodist Bishops ask their brother McKinley why not.

The London *Spectator* has for a good while preached colonization to Americans with great assiduity, though with extraordinary ignorance of the conditions of the problem; but in a recent number it has begun to preach them with "passionate earnestness." This is what the editor preaches:

> "One thing we would impress upon the Americans with passionate earnestness. Let them have only a moderate number of white men, but let all of those picked men hold important posts and have large salaries and not merely a living wage. Let them adopt, that is, Lord Cromer's admirable principle, and have American heads and Filipino hands. In each central department and each provincial district an American brain must control, must enforce responsibility, and, most important of all, must see that equal justice is done; but the executant hands may well, nay, had better, be inhabitants of the islands."

There are one or two things we must say to him, also with "passionate earnestness." The first is, that this advice in which he is expending himself on the Americans, reaches only a few hundreds of them in the large cities, and does not produce the smallest effect except amusement. The second is, that he evidently does not know enough of the conditions of American political life to make his advice of the slightest use to people, even if it reached them. There are about two dozen things which make his system of colonial government unlikely to be set up until long after he is dead. There are about one dozen which, as things stand at present, would prevent its working well even if set up. We advise him, for the sake of his reputation as a political philosopher, to begin his studies of American politics in an entirely different direction. We would, in his place, enter on this field of knowledge by an inquiry into the reasons which prevent President McKinley from removing Secretary Alger. This is the most interesting question in American politics to-day.

In a letter from a Nebraska soldier to his family, received at his home after the cable had announced his death from wounds received in battle, he said: "I am not afraid, and am always ready to do my duty, but I would like some one to tell me what we are fighting for." An-

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other Nebraska soldier, J. E. Fetterly, has written a letter, published by the Omaha *World-Herald*, which is no less significant of the feeling that prevails among our troops. After some interesting stories of personal adventure, he discusses the general situation, and says:

"Some think the insurgents are disheartened, but I think they will make a desperate struggle for what they consider their rights. I do not approve of the course our Government is pursuing with these people. If all men are created equal, they have some rights which ought to be respected."

He goes on to give his own observations as to the intelligence of the natives; says that he has found but few who cannot read and write both their own and the Spanish language; tells of stopping the school-boys on the streets to examine their books, and of its being "no uncommon thing to find boys of fourteen and fifteen and sometimes younger with algebras, geometries, or a general history, sometimes a natural history"; says that while, of course, the educational facilities are not so good outside of Manila, the Catholics have established schools in the provinces; and concludes his review with the remark that, "generally speaking, I could not call the people an enlightened race in the sense we use the term, but if I consider their geographical position and the influence of climate and their limited opportunity of educational advantages, and the poor inducements there have been for higher education, one would be favorably impressed with the progress they have made."

There is a great hullabaloo in the imperialist organs about "treasonable and seditious communications" sent from this country to the volunteers in the Philippines, advising them not to reenlist; and terrible threats of "exposing the traitors." There is not the slightest attempt at secrecy about this matter. A fortnight ago a meeting of the parents, relatives, and friends of the soldiers in the Nebraska regiment which is serving in the Philippines, was held in the State-house at Lincoln, to promote the movement for their early return home, now that their term of service has been ended by the exchange of the ratifications of the peace treaty. The meeting was attended by delegates from the home towns of almost all of the companies. Every speaker warmly urged the importance of strongly presenting to the Administration the earnest feeling of all concerned that the regiment should be brought back at once, and a resolution was unanimously adopted appealing to the President to muster the troops out of service as soon as possible, giving as reasons their early enlistment, their valiant service in the field, and the fact that the cause for which they enlisted (the freeing of Cuba from Spanish rule) had been gloriously won. In the course of the discussion, Mrs. C. E. White of Omaha reported that the "Ladies' Auxiliary," realizing that the soldiers would want to know how their parents, relatives, and friends felt about their continuing in the service, had sent the following telegram to Manila: "Boys, don't reënlist; insist upon immediate discharge"; and that word came back that the telegram had reached Manila all right, but could not be delivered, as it was held by the Government censor. We have here another illustration of our adoption of Spanish methods—the American Government refusing to let American soldiers know how their fathers and mothers feel about their fighting to deny another people the right of self-government.

The loss to the nation from the retirement of Speaker Reed is appreciated only when one considers the men suggested as his successors. The whole lot does not include a single man possessing the distinction which ought to be an indispensable qualification, nor one who has displayed on the floor that force, and especially that power of resistance, which are the qualities most imperatively demanded in the incumbent. They are simply men of respectable ability and of consistent partisanship. Not one of them would ever think of doing such a thing as Mr. Reed did when he voted against the Administration measure for the annexation of Hawaii, or of thwarting such a scheme, pushed by the McKinley-Hanna syndicate, as the Nicaragua Canal job. Mr. Reed's great service during the past two years has been as a brake. Nobody who is mentioned for the Speakership of the next House could be depended upon to check the wildest schemes of extravagance in expenditure or recklessness in governmental methods.

Ex-Governor and ex-Senator Oglesby of Illinois died on Monday at his home, in his seventy-fifth year. He was one of the rough diamonds of American political life—a type that was plentiful fifty years ago, and of which the very highest example was Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln and Oglesby began to be known beyond the boundaries of their own State about the same time—that is, in 1858, when the former was a candidate for the Senate against Douglas, and the latter was a candidate for Congress in one of the districts of Central Illinois. Both had been Old Line Whigs, and both had attached themselves to the rising Republican party. Both were defeated in this campaign, and both rose to eminence a little later. When the civil war began, Oglesby took the stump to encourage volunteering, but without any intention then of going to the war himself. His efforts were so far successful that a regiment was soon in readiness to go to the front, provided he would lead it. He promptly accepted his responsibilities, went to the front, was desperately wounded at Fort Donelson and reported dead, but recovered and went again to his duties in the field. After the war he was elected Governor of Illinois and Senator of the United States. He never showed trepidation in any place where duty called him, except, perhaps, in the labor troubles in East St. Louis, where he was subjected to some criticism for delay in suppressing a riot. This was a slight blemish, however, on a long, honorable, and useful career.

Gov. Roosevelt has scored a notable and distinctly personal triumph in the passage of the bill which repeals the Black "starchless" civil-service law. It is very seldom that a Governor of the same political faith as his immediate predecessor can accomplish such a feat as this is, for it amounts to the undoing of that predecessor's most cherished official achievement. Mr. Black, in fact, seemed to have been lifted by the Republican boss from obscurity for the single purpose of "taking the starch out of our civil service." He announced this as his most earnest desire when he entered upon his duties, and he devoted himself to its accomplishment with more zeal than he displayed in any other cause. His law was about the only trace he left of his individuality upon our statute-books, and this has now been erased by his successor. In bringing about this result, Gov. Roosevelt has displayed much courage and pertinacity, and has done the State a valuable service. He has put back the starch in more than its original quantity, and the main outcome of Gov. Black's exertions is the securing for the State of a more thoroughly reformed civil service than we had before his advent. Our laws on the subject are now more harmonious, more thoroughly united in a scientific system, than they have ever been.

There was some extremely valuable testimony in the Mazet inquiry on Friday, in spite of the general desire on the part of the Tammany witnesses to imitate Croker's manners and give the committee impudence instead of information. Nothing more thoroughly illuminating has been elicited than Andy Freedman's unwilling description of the way in which he conducts the business of the Croker Surety and Bond Company, which was started immediately after the election of 1897, for the fiendish purpose of undermining the business of the Platt Family Surety and Bond Company. Freedman seemed to have a very faint idea of the complete manner in which he "gave away" the real nature of this financial enterprise. He admitted freely that there was little behind the enterprise save Croker's personality. "I was very anxious," he said, "to have Mr.

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Croker's friendship and association in this company on account of the legion of friends that he has got all over this country; and I realized if Mr. Croker would take stock and join me in this enterprise, it would be most successful, because he has got more men, more friends, that are willing to serve him through friendship than any other man in this country." The division of profit seems to have been handsome on both sides. Croker gives Freedman a salary of $15,000 a year, and also commissions on the business. Freedman gives Croker a share of the profits, but will not disclose the amounts which he has thus paid over, because that is "private business."

Some time ago, when the Tammany influence with Croker at its head was interested in a street-railway corporation, the concern was spoken of by Bourke Cockran as "wind and a 'pull' capitalized." The Croker-Freedman Company appears to be merely the Croker pull capitalized, with Freedman and Croker dividing the profits. It is inconceivable that there should be other stockholders, for Freedman testified that although he and Croker were making great profits, there had never been any dividends. Croker said on the stand that he had received "dividends" regularly, but he undoubtedly meant the rolls of bills that Freedman had handed to him. It is not the least interesting revelation of Freedman's testimony that this extraordinary company was in the habit for some time of doing a joint business with the Platt family company, with a square division of the profits. Later, a cut-rate warfare has broken out between them, but that has been brought about, we suspect, because of the superiority of the Croker pull to the Platt pull, as a capitalized attraction. It is a great pity that a full investigation of the doings of both companies could not be made, in order that we might see at how many points the systems of our two bosses harmonize completely.

It has been clear for some time that Mr. Croker thinks that his colleague in the boss business, Mr. Platt, has been guilty of a breach of the "amenities of the profession" in allowing the investigating committee to make inquiries as to the business activities of his sons. He intimated as much on the witness-stand when he asked the Committee why they did not examine the Platt family law firm and see what they could discover there. On Thursday, in the Senate, at Albany, two of Mr. Croker's especial friends took up the subject and spoke with feeling and frankness about it. Senator McCarren said that "the people had never been treated to such an exhibition of political ingratitude as is manifested in this investigation"; that "everybody knows the relations which exist between political leaders," and that "it is pretty generally understood that Mr. Croker has treated the Republican leader in a fair and manly way." He was free to say that he knew of no instance in which Mr. Croker "would signify a willingness to go into such dirty work as engages this committee," and if the "Republican leaders responsible for it had a spark of manhood they would feel contempt for themselves." Tom Grady took a similar view, as became a man who had been hit hard by the same investigation, and remarked that "no Democrat had ever pointed the finger of scorn at Mr. Platt because one of his sons was at the head of a trust company, and another was in a law firm going from one department of the State government to another acting as attorney." Perhaps Mr. Croker may be induced later, in view of the ungrateful and indecorous conduct of his fellow-leader, to give us specifications of what Senator McCarren styles his "fair and manly" treatment of Platt, in return for Platt's great service in putting him in possession of this city.

Quay has been acquitted. The jury took a good many hours to reach a verdict, but they finally said, "Not guilty." The misfortune of the prosecution was the fact that its evidence was largely technical, while the defence made a strong point of circumstances which suggested the idea of conspiracy among the opponents of the boss. However firm the moral conviction of Quay's guilt may be in the community, he has been tried by a jury and has been acquitted. The verdict cannot fail to help him immensely in his fight for the Senatorship before the Legislature which will be chosen next year. Meanwhile "the Governor whom I own" has enabled Quay still to wear the title of Senator by appointing him to the office now that the Legislature has adjourned, although there is not the slightest reason to suppose that the Senate next winter will recognize his right to a seat under such an appointment.

The full text of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's budget speech shows that its cabled summary did not do justice to the extraordinary reason he advanced for taking $10,000,000 a year out of the sinking fund. The real reason was, of course, that he shrank from levying taxes for that amount. It might show the taxpayers that Imperialism had its unpleasant little bills which cannot be bilked. But Sir Michael gave as his ostensible reason for dipping into the sinking fund the fact that it was necessary to remove temptation from the path of future Chancellors of the Exchequer. He said that if the sinking fund were allowed to go on increasing, the "infallible result" would be that Parliament would some day seize on it all so as to remit taxation. To prevent that calamity, he proposed to seize on a part of it himself. He so dreaded the lack of firmness on the part of future Chancellors, that to save them he would relax his own firmness. Distrusting their virtue made it necessary for him to do a little anticipatory sinning himself. The London *Economist* savagely calls all this "claptrap," but it is really only the historic excuse of the boy caught robbing the orchard: other boys would have stolen the apples if he had not taken a few himself as an awful warning to them.

A case was brought before the Police Court in Paris on Friday, in which the Comte de Dion, the head of an automobile factory, was charged with violating the law which fixes the number of hours that constitute a day's labor in France. This law was passed in 1848, and it places the limit at twelve hours, which certainly seems liberal, if it is wise for the law to interfere at all. It imposes a penalty of one franc per day on the employer for each man who exceeds that limit in his employ. If a workman labors twelve hours for his employer, and then does additional work for himself, the law does not concern itself with this sort of overtime. In the case of the Comte de Dion, the workingmen in his factory, six hundred in number, presented a petition that they be allowed to work overtime, as they received extra compensation therefor. The court would not consider this petition. It held rightly that it sat to enforce the law, not to connive with workingmen or others in breaking it. The defendant pleaded that demands upon his factory and other automobile works were so great that orders could not be filled without working overtime. If dull times should come later, he wanted to know whether the court would find work and wages for his laborers. The court replied promptly that it would not, but that it would enforce all the laws of which it had jurisdiction when properly brought before it. If this was a bad law, it was for the defendant and his employees, who were dissatisfied with it, to go to the Legislature and ask for its repeal. Judgment was then rendered against the Comte de Dion for eight francs, being the minimum fine for eight laborers who were named in the proceedings. Of course this fine, although trifling in itself, contains the germ of much larger ones if the offence is repeated. It brings up the question, however, whether laws limiting the hours of labor for adults are ever really useful. Those which limit the hours of child labor are based upon other considerations, but in the case of full-grown persons who really desire to work overtime for the sake of extra compensation, it seems a hardship and an injustice that they should not be allowed to do so.

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A "PAROCHIAL AFFAIR."

Everybody has read with horror the account of the execution of a negro in the State of Georgia for a heinous crime on Sunday afternoon. He had no legal trial, and an ex-Governor of the State made a faint appeal to the mob which executed him, to let "the law" take its course. The man was chained to a tree and burned alive; but before he was burned, his ears and fingers were cut off one by one, and after he was dead the body was cut to pieces with jack-knives, and his heart and liver were taken out and divided. Such things, and possibly worse ones, can easily be found described in the stories of Indian wars. The Iroquois were particularly fond of this sort of amusement in Canada. What makes this most interesting is that the perpetrators of the deed wear broadcloth, go to Christian churches, give tolerably large sums to missionary societies, and, what is best of all, are among those who are to-day engaged in the Philippines in shooting the gospel into and in "civilizing" brown men. It is very important that this account should not reach the Filipinos, because it will probably make their resistance more bitter and prolonged, and will prevent the proclamation of the Commissioners being read with due reverence.

By way of precaution, the Commissioners should issue another proclamation, pointing out to the Malays that if they refrain from the crime for which this negro was executed, they need not fear burning or mutilation; that all that this shows is the horror our people have of crime; and that all even bad, immoral Tagals, or Malays, have to do to avoid having their ears and fingers cut off, is to behave decently and frequent some Christian church. There is no record of our ever having burnt or mutilated anybody who had not done something to provoke us.

There are probably impudent Tagals who will ask us whether this sort of punishment for crime had not long ago been abolished in other parts of the civilized world. We shall have to admit that this is true, but we shall have to say that we are contending with a new kind of crime, which has become rife within thirty years, and that the ordinary law has proved ineffective. But we fear the impudent Tagal will then ask how much the ordinary law has been tried as a remedy for this offence, and we shall have to reply that it has seldom been tried at all. He will then naturally ask whether this plan of burning and mutilation has succeeded either, and we shall have to confess that it does not seem to have done so, as the horrors occurring every day at the South seem to show. We began burning for this offence a few years ago in Texas, and we have gone on burning ever since, but, from what the Southerners tell us, the cases are only more numerous, so that the Governor of a State has nothing better to suggest than the fortification of every house containing women in regular mediæval style—moat, bridge, and modern arms. The Tagal aforesaid will, we fear, then ask us whether it is possible that such great civilizers as we are, so great that we have to go round the world looking for people to civilize, have never given to the cause, growth, and remedy for this crime the serious consideration of our wisest men, with a view not to vengeance simply, Iroquois fashion, but to its cure; the friars having taught these savages that God has created a cure for every crime. What can we say except that our people in some cases prefer vengeance to law, because vengeance is "sweeter" than law, and because law is slow and uncertain, because inquiries and preparations are a bore, and because they are too hot-blooded for organization of any kind?

These Tagals are so "sassy" that we fear this fellow will ask us whether it is possible that such a refined people as we are, could have so much time, money, and life to spend in spreading the true religion so far from home as his own country, and issuing benevolent proclamations that might melt the heart of a gorgon, yet had not a moment or a dollar to spare in thirty years for a sober, enlightened, statesmanlike consideration of the question of our own negroes, their civilization, cultivation, education, welfare—in short, as human beings, for whom we had, as Griggs says, centuries ago "accepted the responsibility." Has there been a thing done for them by us as a nation, except burn them by mobs when they did wrong? How long can this awful refusal of responsibility go on without dragging us down to their level? How much above the ignorant negro ravisher is the white, full of gospel, and schools, and church sociables, who cuts the negro's heart and liver out, and divides them into small pieces among his friends? Not much, we fear, in the regions to which we are sending the Tagals so copiously.

THE POLICY OF IGNORANCE AND DRIFT.

The Administration has relaxed the censorship at Manila. Details of the formidable nature of a campaign of conquest in the islands have at last been allowed to reach the American people. Aggressive movements against the Filipinos seem to have been suspended. The authorities are eagerly waiting for news of a peaceful adjustment. All this is gratifying if it really indicates that the President has waked up at the eleventh hour to the utter failure of his policy of blood and iron. That policy has hitherto been an unhappy compound of ignorance and drift. It has been the steady complaint of our officers at Manila that the situation there was not grasped at Washington. Gen. Greene wrote as long ago as last August: "The situation is not understood in America, and, unless properly dealt with at Paris, will inevitably lead to future complications and possibly war." It is said that Admiral Dewey plainly warned the Government last summer that it would take 100,000 men to subdue the Philippines, and that the Washington wise men thought him half crazy, just as their predecessors thought Gen. Sherman a lunatic when he told them how many men it would take to put down the rebellion. Be this as it may, we know that Dewey telegraphed the chief need at Manila to be "a first-class statesman." Of course, the Administration is full of such, but none could be spared. Dewey also showed by his call for the *Oregon*, two months ago, that his grasp of the military problem was far better than that of the War Department. And his early statement that the Filipinos are "far superior in their intelligence and more capable of self-government than the natives of Cuba," he distinctly reasserted in the only letter of his printed in the Peace Treaty documents, in which he said: "Further intercourse with them has confirmed me in this opinion."

Other evidence of knowledge and advice coolly set aside by the President has since come to hand in Major Younghusband's new book, just published by Macmillan, 'The Philippines and Round About.' The Major is a British officer, glad of the alliance and all that, but his sketch of the situation in the Philippines, as he saw it at the end of last year, reveals the fact that he knew more, and our officers there knew more, of what was likely to happen than was ever dreamed of in the Washington philosophy. Major Younghusband writes: "To an observer on the spot, it was apparent that the authorities in the distance were hardly alive to the complications which existed." What he meant was that the Americans had treated Aguinaldo as a valued friend and ally until Manila was captured, but then set about ignoring and abusing and exasperating him in every possible way. Aguinaldo, in the meanwhile, had gathered an army, set up a government, and taken control of practically the whole island of Luzon. What was to come out of this but war? Very well, let there be war, said the Americans; our 20,000 troops can in a pitched battle defeat Aguinaldo's 50,000, and that will be the end of him—not knowing, says Major Younghusband, wise before the event as we are wise after it, "that the ordeal of a set battle was the last form of suicidal mania which Aguinaldo would be likely to indulge in."

Younghusband records the interesting fact that the "American army officers at the seat of war" were "almost unanimous in deprecating the annexation of

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the Philippines." They pointed out that "to garrison the Philippines the American standing army must at once be raised to twice its present strength," and that, "once the novelty had worn off, the American people would resent the increased taxation involved." Why was Washington left in ignorance of all this? Why did it go on trusting blindly that our good luck would not fail us? Major Younghusband supplies, we believe, the correct answer when he writes that "the true parting of the ways was not in the actual act of annexation, for that had become inevitable, but in having allowed Admiral Dewey to do more than defeat the Spanish fleet and exact a heavy indemnity from the city of Manila before sailing away, thus leaving the Philippine problem for the Spaniards and their friends to solve." That is, we had a President who did not know his own mind, who was moving about in a world not realized, and who concluded to let things drift. But to put off deciding is to decide; and the plight we are in now is of McKinley's making on that fatal day in May when he resisted Senator Sewell's importunities that Dewey be ordered home.

If ignorance and indecision have brought the Government into its present *impasse* in the Philippines, the only wisdom now possible is to retrace our steps. We must do now what we should have done in the beginning—treat the Filipinos as we treat the Cubans, protect them, watch over them, help them, but urge them to do their own governing. No pride of opinion, or unwillingness to admit huge blundering, should detain Mr. McKinley for one hour from making haste to try kindness and fairness and confidence on the natives, instead of bluster and bullets. It must be evident to him now, as it is to all the world, that he has dashed himself against a strong national sentiment in the Philippines. Let him recall Pitt's famous prophecy of what would happen to Napoleon when he came into collision with such a national sentiment in Spain. Let him reflect on Napoleon's own confessions on the subject. They are given in Lady Malcolm's recently published journal of conversations with Napoleon at St. Helena:

> "The system," Napoleon said, "that I pursued in Spain, although it would have eventually been for the good of that country, yet was contrary to the opinion of the people, and therefore I failed. Ferdinand is right in following his present system, for the Spaniards like their bigotry, their priests, and all their ancient customs. Ferdinand's confessor once said to me: 'Why do you wish us to change our present modes? We like them and so ought you; for while we follow them we shall never be a great nation, but we are content to be as we are.' It is impossible to force a great nation contrary to its opinion."

Will the "Little Napoleon" hearken to these words of Napoleon the Great?

OUR RELATIONS WITH GERMANY.

There was some uneasiness in commercial circles last week touching our relations with Germany in respect of Samoa, and this feeling was not exactly soothed by the speech of Capt. Coghlan of the *Raleigh* at the Union League banquet on Friday evening. What he had to say about the Germans in the East was most offensive and indiscreet. He should have reflected that his remarks would be telegraphed to Germany, and would create ill-feeling. In private conversation, and making allowance for the American gift for humorous exaggeration, it might do to say that the German officers at Manila "didn't dare to breathe more than four times in succession without asking Admiral Dewey's permission"; but such things said at a public dinner, by an officer of the United States, are not becoming. It is all very well for our irresponsible private swashbucklers to go on breathing out threatening and slaughter against the world; foreigners have learned how to take their rhodomontade for what it is worth; but if we really wish to live at peace with nations for whom we profess friendship, our naval officers must bridle their mouths when speaking in public of their affairs. The Captain of the British man-of-war at Manila is said to have apologized to Admiral Dewey on behalf of the Germans, on the ground that "you know they have no sea manners." The sea manners of our naval officers are irreproachable, but some of them need to look to their land manners.

Captain Coghlan made another speech on Saturday evening (rather incoherent, as it appears in the newspaper reports), in which he refrained from mentioning Germany, but repeated with emphasis his previous utterances, and added that "we came very near to killing them"—presumably German officers and sailors in Manila harbor last year. Very properly, he has been called upon for explanations by the Secretary of the Navy, and ordered back to his ship while he was on his way to a third dinner party.

There is some commercial bickering springing from the protective tariffs of the two countries, but this does not interest many people in the United States, and, however it may be settled, or even if it is not settled, will not disturb the peace of the two countries. It is worthy of note that the only incidents ever threatening a breach of peaceful relations with Germany have grown out of our so-called policy of expansion. The Samoan complication was really a forerunner of that policy. It was an act of meddlesome folly running counter to the traditions of the republic and to the teachings of the fathers, having no decent support or pretext. In order to make ourselves strong at a place where we ought never to have been except as peaceful traders, we sent two war-ships to Apia, which were forthwith blown to pieces in a hurricane, with the loss of hundreds of lives. If our government had been minding its own business, those men and ships would have been at home, and would have escaped that appalling disaster. Since that time we have gained nothing from Samoa that we could not have gained without any other than commercial relations, the same that we have with the Fijis and other groups in the Pacific. We have, however, exposed ourselves to a large chapter of accidents growing out of the uncertain temper of the people in whose management we have taken a share, and also of the officials in civil and naval life whom we send there. Added to other difficulties is that of distance and infrequent communication, which prevents close supervision and prompt and accurate knowledge of what takes place there.

Ten years have passed since we took a hand in the Samoan complication, and now we are sending out a commission to rearrange the terms of it, without having received the smallest compensation for the money spent and the lives lost in those islands. Moreover, nobody knows what may happen next. It is reassuring, however, to feel that the people of Germany and the United States are held together by the strongest bonds of both friendship and commercial interest, which not even the folly or the superfluous zeal of their servants and representatives in Samoa can seriously weaken. This friendship is due, not alone to the presence among us of a large population of German birth or descent, but also to the benefits derived by each country from the other during the whole period of our existence as a nation, which has been a period of unbroken peace. Thousands of our sons have been educated in Germany. Thousands of Americans travel there every year. Thousands are domiciled there all the time. The ties which unite the two countries are of many different kinds, but all of them are strong and enduring. We need no alliances with foreign Powers, and we shall make none on paper, but surely we have one with Germany, written in the hearts of the people of both countries, which does not need to be stamped and sealed by the Government of either.

As to the friction in the Philippines last year, to which Capt. Coghlan made his indecorous allusion, it is not publicly known what act or what demeanor the German Admiral at Manila was guilty of. It is not known whether our Government ever made any complaint of it, or whether the German Government approved it or disavowed it. It is certain that no international trouble grew out of it, and that nearly everybody had forgotten it when it was so suddenly revived at the Union League Club last Friday. It is gratifying to know that Secretary Hay has signified to the German Ambassador at Washington his strong disapproval of Capt. Coghlan's

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speech. With that declaration, the incident may be considered at an end, so far as it has international character. For the sake of good order and discipline at home, however, some further steps ought to be taken in Capt. Coghlan's case.

THE ESSENCE OF BOSS GOVERNMENT.

We are unable to agree with Dr. Parkhurst as to the inutility of the present investigation of Tammany. He holds that unless both Platt and Croker are included in the scope of the inquiry, the results are likely to be without value. It seems to us that if the investigation were to stop at the present point, it has achieved one thing that more than justifies its existence. It has, quite unexpectedly to its promoters, impressed firmly upon the minds of the public the fact that there is really no difference between Platt and Croker as political leaders—that the boss system of one is the boss system of the other in principle and in practice. Surely, it is a gain to have a Platt committee make this demonstration so clearly that everybody recognizes its truth. Croker helped it a great deal when he called attention to the fact that his sons were performing precisely the same functions in his system that Platt's sons were performing in his. Both were using their boys as salesmen in their traffic in the fundamental principles of popular government. A boss who has nominations, legislation, public contracts—in short, all the powers and privileges of a city or a State Government—for sale, must have subordinates and agents upon whom he can depend for the clerical work of the business, and who could be better fitted for it than his own sons?

Of course, everybody who has followed the developments of our modern boss system as it is now paramountly established in several of our States, has known for some time that there was no appreciable difference between its Democratic and its Republican forms, Platt's system is like Croker's, and both are like Quay's and Hanna's. All of them are founded and operated on the possession of the chief powers of popular government for the personal profit of the boss and his associates. All of them lay their foundation in the primaries, which they control absolutely, either by the use of patronage or money, or both. Long before the national Republican convention which nominated Mr. McKinley for the Presidency came together, Hanna had so "fixed" the primaries that McKinley's nomination was a mere formality. That is what we see in all our nominating conventions in this State, Republican and Democratic. The bosses own them absolutely, because they have bought and paid for the delegates in the primaries.

A common peculiarity of the bosses who thus get possession of the nominating machinery, and by that means leave the people no alternative but to elect one or the other of their candidates or sets of candidates to office, is to assume, after election, that they have a majority of the people behind them, and are consequently justified by the people in whatever course they may adopt. The McKinley war policy was based upon this assumption, and the assumption was asserted with such vigor that even criticism of it was branded as treason. Croker said on the witness stand, a few days ago, to Mr. Moss, who was asking him questions: "You are conducting this investigation by a minority vote of this city, and I am sitting here representing my friends with a big majority vote." His meaning was clearly that so long as he had been put at the head of the city government by popular vote, he had popular approval for whatever he did, no matter what its character. Almost at the same time the Quay Republicans in the Pennsylvania Legislature were adopting a resolution in caucus declaring that since Quay had been nominated for Senator by a party majority in regular caucus, he was entitled to and should receive the vote of every Republican member, and that members refusing would be subject to "odium" for their course. What is this but the Croker assumption over again? No matter what may be the character of the candidate, no matter by what means he secured a majority in his support, the mere fact that he has a majority should silence all criticism and justify anything that he may do. We see the same principle in operation in the New York Legislature at every session. It is shown most clearly in the business called "jamming." Platt holds that his possession of a majority entitles him to ignore completely all expressions of disapproval. If he wishes to "jam" a bill through, without deliberation or discussion, he does it, and maintains that since the people have given him a majority, they mean that he shall use it as he pleases.

When the boss of one party cannot secure this majority or popular support by his own exertions, he gets the necessary aid from the boss of the opposite party. Croker is not strictly truthful when he says that he sits in the witness chair representing his friends "with a big majority vote." His government was elected by a minority, but he got for it the necessary plurality because his fellow-boss, Platt, ran a candidate of his own and divided the opposition. Of course, in theory and in practice, this plurality is considered as much of a popular support as a majority, but it by no means furnishes sufficient ground for the claim which Croker bases upon it. The main point about all these boss methods of getting control is that the people are cheated in each instance. The bosses get possession through corruption, or trickery, or fraud, and, once in power, they cite the fact of possession as evidence of popular approval for whatever they wish to do. The apathy with which all classes regard this pretension is a melancholy sign of political decay in the first decade of the second century of our republican experiment in self-government.

OUR FAULTY COPYRIGHT LAW.

Up to 1891, the United States had refused to recognize in any way whatever the rights of foreigners in the matter of literary property. The world was all before our publishers where to pirate. But, by the act of March 3, 1891, we made a tardy and grudging confession that our previous legal position had been that of outer barbarians. We accorded to foreigners a certain control of the results of their own intellectual labor. In a halting and faulty way, we made our entrance into the family of civilized nations that recognize international copyright. We were naturally welcomed as repentant prodigals. Poems of congratulation were written, orders conferred, effusive greetings interchanged. From the first, however, the clear-sighted saw that our legislation on the subject was but a limping affair; that we ought frankly to have joined the Berne convention, which gives authors perfectly fair and perfectly reciprocal treatment in the nations adhering to it, and not have set up a mongrel method of our own. Still, it was maintained by our own copyright agitators, and hoped by foreign writers, that, having made a beginning, we would speedily go further and correct our laws so as to make them conform to civilized usage.

But eight years have passed; nothing has been done, or even attempted, in the way of amendment; and foreigners, tired of waiting, are beginning to say unpleasant things of us. We no not now refer to Mr. Alfred Austin's letter to Secretary Hay; that was urbanity itself, if also vagueness itself. The traditional inhabitant of Jupiter could never suspect that there was any row, or guess what it was all about, if he had only Mr. Austin's letter to go upon. But some Italian publishers have lately been blowing a trumpet of less uncertain sound. It is, in fact, upon writers who are foreign in language as well as in nationality that our copyright laws bear hardest. English authors find them awkward and vexatious, and in some cases tantamount to an unjust tax upon their literary property, but it is the French and Germans and Italians and Spanish who catch it. The case is so well put by this Italian complaint, laid before the Ministry, that we quote a part of it in translation. (The whole may be found in the January-February number of *I Diritti d'Autore.*) It is an accurate description of the facts:

"In accordance with paragraph 4956, pro-

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tection cannot be claimed unless two copies of the book which is to be protected have been, at the latest on the day of publication, sent to the Librarian of Congress in the United States, or, in the case of a foreign country, have been deposited with the post in the territory of the United States, addressed to the Librarian. But this is not enough. These two copies must have been printed from type composed in the territory of the United States, or from stereotyped plates made from type so composed. If, then, the European author of a work does not wish to lose the benefits of the American protection, he must, before offering his work to the public in his own country, find a publisher in the United States, he must send him a copy of his manuscript, wait until a translation of it has been made, until the American typographical composition has been completed, and until two copies of the translation thus printed have been consigned to the Librarian of Congress at Washington, or lodged with the post addressed to him. Then alone can he proceed to issue the original edition of his book. The slightest mistake, the smallest delay that may occur in the composition in the United States, causing the author, in his ignorance of it, to produce the original publication but one day before the translation, and the protection becomes null, all the steps taken are void, and pirate publishers can produce the work with impunity, without either author or publisher possessing any rights."

It is quite needless for the protesting Italians to say that, under such a system, it is "absolutely impossible for our authors to get protection of their rights." With a very few exceptions—such as Zola, Nansen, possibly D'Annunzio, Tolstoy, Bismarck—it has not been practicable for non-English authors to take advantage of our international copyright law at all. We flattered and plumed ourselves mightily about it and had all sorts of sugar-plums thrown at us in consequence; but, in hard fact, we were giving the foreign writers only "nothing between two plates," as the Spanish say. The Italians are calling upon their Government to secure better terms from the Americans, or else to denounce the existing treaty and begin to retaliate. It is really an affair for our own authors to take up and for our own legislators to cure, but we regret to say that we see no sign of activity on the part of either.

The whole trouble grew, of course, out of our joining together what common sense and justice would put asunder. We set out to legislate for the protection of literary property, and ended by passing a law for the protection of the manufacture of books. We know it has often been said that, but for the vicious "manufacture clause," we could have got no international copyright law at all. Well, it might almost have been better to have had no law at all than one holding out a fair promise only to withdraw it in the act. We might as well have enacted, at the same time, for the encouragement of engravers, that no book should be copyrighted unless illustrated; or the wood-pulp men might as well have been placated as the type-setters, with a provision that copyright should be extended only to books printed on Warner Miller's wood-pulp paper; or it might have been stipulated that copyrighted books should never be sold in department stores, or at less than $2.17 each, thirty off for cash. When we legislate, we need to legislate with a single mind, and not mix up the Typographical Union and the labor vote with the question of the rights of literary property. Until we can treat such property as a single and simple thing by itself, and pass laws respecting it with no thought of helping anybody's printing business, or the paper trade, or even the trade in foreign decorations, our international copyright law will remain the lame and humbugging measure it is.

A NEW FRENCH HISTORIAN.

NEW YORK, April 21, 1899.

Within the past three years a new historian has revealed himself in France, and of the rarest kind, for to the merit of being a writer already illustrious he adds that of having attacked the most difficult and least known of all histories, namely, the contemporary. Tolerably complete school manuals of the history of the Third Republic, it is true, already existed; and Taine gave, in his 'Modern Régime,' a conscientious, profound, and exact study of political and social life in nineteenth-century France. Moreover, the body of journals and reviews enable any one endowed with critical sense and a sense of proportion to disengage the truth from the errors or lies with which history is written in daily or weekly publications. But no one had yet tried to describe or to relate the true life of his contemporaries, and no longer in the deceptive decorum of their official occupations, but in the commonplace reality of their daily being, with their ambitions, their pettiness, their ridiculousness, their distress. What does a Frenchman of 1899 do, think, and really believe? How is he affected by political events and social transformations? What is he saying, not in the press or in public harangues, but in the freedom of familiar chat at the café, among friends, about the questions of the day and the great or petty incidents of national life, whether the topic be war, militarism, religion, anti-Semitism, the policy of Leo XIII., the latest political scandal, or the latest worldly tittle-tattle? What, in a word, is the true state of mind of a Frenchman of to-day, be he soldier or magistrate, professor or priest, nobleman or office-holder?

It would seem easier to answer this question for a Frenchman of the eighteenth century, who wrote his memoirs every evening, or for contemporaries of Louis XIV., who, like Mme. de Sévigné, unbosomed themselves in letters to their friends, or, like Saint-Simon, recorded privily the secret history of a reign of which the courtier Dangeau saw only the solemn and dreary aspect. Well, from this time forth we shall be almost as well acquainted with the France of to-day as with that of two centuries ago, thanks to the new historian who has just arisen with his three volumes "of contemporary history," as he himself styles them. He is none other than M. Anatole France, and the three books he offers us bear the following unscientific names: 'L'Orme du Mail,' 'Le Mannequin d'Osier,' and 'L'Anneau d'Améthyste.' The first appeared in 1896; the last during the current year.

Those who are familiar with the literary manner of Anatole France, and have read the appetizing books entitled 'Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard' or 'La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque,' will doubtless see in the label "contemporary history" affixed to his last three works only a pleasantry on the part of this witty sceptic, who unites the irony of Sterne with the philosophy of Renan. Such is not the case: it is emphatically history that we have to do with. While we certainly do not find in this novelist's historical books either every event in French contemporary history, or an enumeration of every ministry, or recitals of every colonial war, it is nevertheless true that whoever to-day, or a century hence, would know the veritable history of France under the Third Republic, and would have a precise notion, not regarding things and doings of little interest, but regarding men who alone signify, cannot dispense with reading and studying these three works of the imagination, which will remain the most precious testimonies and documents of an epoch anything but deficient in literary manifests.

Frankly, M. France's method in his latest works does not differ from that employed by him when, in 'Thaïs,' he made Alexandrian courtesans and philosophers converse about the great problems of human life; or when, in 'La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque,' he put bold and cynical speeches in the mouths of free-thinking priests and enlightened burghers several centuries ago. Here again are personages more or less imaginary who discourse together on all the subjects which have ever piqued man's curiosity—to wit, life, death, the why and the how of things. And they all talk with that elegant grace, that keenness of wit, that wide erudition, and that classic purity of language which the author lends to all his heroes. But this time these heroes are Frenchmen of 1896, 1897, and 1898; they have the ideas, preoccupations, and passions of to-day; they comment on yesterday's events, judge the men of the hour, touch on every subject that has a place in the thought of living Frenchmen.

What have been, of recent years, the great questions of political life in France? The relations of the clergy and the republic; universal military service; the progress of socialism—not to speak of secondary incidents momentarily arising, like the Panama scandal or similar episodes. This is what the personages in M. Anatole France's books speak to us about, especially two of them—a university professor and a Catholic priest, who like to chat with each other under the shade of the *orme du mail*, though at all points holding opposite views. "But they were," says M. France, "the only people in town interested in general ideas."

Where is the scene of these dialogues? Nobody can tell; but those who know provincial life in France will recognize the marvellous picture here drawn of it, with its empty monotony, which men endeavor to animate and to fill up with their passions, their ambitions and rivalries. Here are grouped representative types of political, religious, military, university, and social life—the sum of French life. There are a prefect, an archbishop, priests, professors, middle class and aristocracy; and these men, differing in education, culture, and ideas, live before us in the narrow frame of that provincial town, talk freely, bustle about as in reality, and exhibit in word and deed everything mediocre, frivolous, or puerile that occupies their

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minds. When we have heard them discuss the last incident that has engrossed the town, or politics, or religion, and have penetrated with M. France their daily life, we know exactly the thought and action and desire of a prefect, an archbishop, a general, a librarian, a professor of the Third Republic. We know exactly their conception of the world, the place which concern for advancement and red ribbons holds in their hearts. Already some of these types have become legendary in France, like the characters in the most popular novels; and this not alone because public malice has thought it recognized the real men judged to be represented, but because the unanimous consent of readers has found alive and truthful the personages whose words and deeds M. France rehearses to us through three volumes.

Everybody in France now knows M. Worms-Clavelin, the Jewish and free-mason prefect, vulgar and empty type of those political parvenus whom the Republic has brought into relief. A pliant and crafty man, indifferent to ideas, a stranger to all conviction, he repeats in his talk the commonplace official language, and his whole politics consists in holding on to his office, which is uncertain by nature since it is at the mercy of political fluctuations. This Worms-Clavelin is certainly a typical prefect of to-day and functionary of the Third Republic; never was a portrait drawn with an exacter or finer stroke, and yet nobody had ever depicted him. M. France has here been a true creator. But his most successful types are those of the clerical world. With Ferdinand Fabre he will rank as the most wonderful historian of the Catholic clergy of this republican period, in which the situation of the Church has been so difficult and thankless, placed between a hostile government whose favors it must obtain, and a fanatical Catholic party whose anti-republican passions it must humor. The question of the bishops, already treated by Fabre, is in this respect one of the richest themes, since it enables us to study clerical suppleness and diplomacy in the struggle against the temporal power. The story of the priest who would become a bishop, as related to us by M. France, is of itself a masterpiece. So far as he depends on the State for his nomination, the Abbé Guitrel (another classic type at present) performs prodigies of opportunism, never committing himself on any delicate subject, and discreetly handling all parties of whom he seeks to make use. Then, once appointed, the diplomatic, cunning, and shifty priest, assured of his place, becomes an intractable bishop who fulminates against the pretensions of the State in the name of the sacred rights of the Church. Whoever wishes to acquaint himself with the French clergy under the Concordat of 1802 cannot dispense with studying the priests created by the imagination of M. Anatole France, and truly to be said to belong to history.

The most popular and veritably immortal type of these books is Monsieur Bergeret, professor of Latin poetry at the University, and author of a book on 'Virgilius Nauticus,' a learned and laughable philologue. A poor man, persecuted by his dean and deceived by his wife, endowed with an intellect superior to his fate, he comforts himself for his wretchedness by philosophizing *de omni re scibili*, now with a fanatical old priest, now with the radical and narrow-minded town librarian. To him has been given to convey M. France's mocking, disillusioned, and revolutionary philosophy. Beneath the "l'orme du mail," or in a corner of a little bookshop where he daily takes refuge, M. le professeur Bergeret ventilates on all the ideas, creeds, and institutions which men are wont to reverence, more paradoxes than would suffice to get him stoned by the fanatics of all parties if they were intelligent enough to comprehend his subtle and mordant thought, or artistic enough to perceive the danger of such language, the most seductive that has been spoken since Renan.

The clever author has not only introduced in his books every political and literary topic of conversation in these latter years, including the Armenian massacres, the burning of the Charity Bazaar, the American war with Spain, and the new prosody of the younger poets, he has, as events unfolded themselves, made his characters hold forth on every fresh incident capable of philosophic commentary which contemporary history offered them. Thus, this latest volume, 'L'Anneau d'Améthyste,' contains the opinions of Monsieur Bergeret, a notable "Dreyfusard," on the crisis of national dementia through which chauvinism and anti-Semitism have compelled France to pass for eighteen months. He has introduced in it, with cutting irony, admirable observations on the aberrations into which men are led by passion; on the stupidity of the mob, the cowardice of individuals, the rôle of falsehood and its "superiority to the truth" (for, the truth being one while falsehood is multiple, "the majority is against it"). He has even introduced a new character, no other than Esterhazy, whose portrait is so deftly and yet so strikingly drawn that everybody recognizes the "uhlan national," as he is called in France. A great joy and delicious revenge on the demoniacs has been the thought of sensible men that the skilful pen of Anatole France forced on the passionate readers of the most military journal these pleadings of Monsieur Bergeret in behalf of reason and justice; for every Monday these chapters of contemporary history appeared in the *Écho de Paris*.

It is perhaps prudent to add in closing that, precious as are these contributions of the new French historian, the reading of them is not indispensable to all, and may even be injurious to many. "One must be no longer wholly innocent to find satisfaction in moralists," writes somewhere Anatole France himself. This ironical literature is disintegrating and anarchistic, and from it escapes a perverse and disturbing odor of decadence. After all, these Frenchmen of to-day described by M. France are not all the French; these pitiful and doltish ambitious functionaries are not all the functionaries, nor these priests all the priests. These books must be taken, as they were written, *cum grano salis*, and viewed as documents exact and veracious, it is true, but partial, for the history of contemporary France. OTHON GUERLAC.

SUDERMANN'S SYMBOLICAL DRAMA.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., April 19, 1899.

A curious illustration of the evasiveness of genius, and of the impossibility of predicting its course from the influence of surrounding circumstances, has lately been afforded in the unexpected turn taken by the two foremost of living German dramatists. Hauptmann, after having risen in "The Sunken Bell" to sublime visions of the infinite, has allowed himself once more to be drawn into the sphere of the hopelessly earthly. Sudermann, on the other hand, the racy satirist, the impassioned orator, the rough-and-ready delineator of blunt actuality, all of a sudden reveals himself as a lyric poet in whom reëcho the most aerial sounds of mediæval mysticism.

Paradoxical and unrelated as these facts seem to be, they yet point to a common source. They are symptoms of the restless search of the modern world for a new faith, of its ineradicable striving after a new answer to the riddle of life. They clearly show that we are still in the very midst of that spiritual fermentation which set in with the final decay of the feudal world in the eighteenth century. They are a new proof of the evident fact that the blue flower of the Romanticists has not yet been found, that the spirit of the Middle Ages is still walking about and is still in vain trying to reincarnate itself.

Nor is the personal link of Sudermann's latest drama with his former production by any means entirely wanting. In his "Johannes" he portrayed a moral visionary who goes through the world with eyes riveted upon a fictitious ideal, and who, therefore, fails to see the needs of the life that is pressing upon him. In "Die drei Reiherfedern" he now brings before us an æsthetic visionary who chases after a magic form of womanly love and beauty that hovers before him on the distant horizon, without noticing that in his flight he tramples into the dust not only his own happiness, but also the life of the woman who has given to him her all. To restate in commonplace prose the details of the exceedingly romantic happenings of this drama would be an injustice to both author and translator. A few words, however, about its essential features and its leading thought may be not unwelcome to readers who otherwise might be bewildered by the extraordinary variety—not to say, apparent incoherence—of the action.

Young *Witte*, Prince of Gotland, is a mixture of *Parzival*, *Hamlet*, and *Faust*. Like *Parzival*, he is a knight-errant, roaming through the world in quest, if not of the Grail, at least of some supernatural goal of happiness. Like *Hamlet*, he is a dreamer of deeds rather than a doer of deeds, in constant conflict between the impulse to follow the call of an heroic mission and the capricious promptings of his little weaknesses and frailties. Like *Faust*, he is a man of infinite susceptibility, of boundless appetites, a consummate egoist, but at the same time a soaring idealist, yearning for completeness of life. He has left his home, impelled by a vague longing for the woman of his destiny, the woman that shall fill his soul, that shall inspire his highest thought. Fate has revealed to him that to make himself worthy of her he must first win a magic treasure, the feathers of a wild, demoniac heron who is worshipped as a god on a desolate island of the northern seas:

> "Es liegt eine Insel im Nordlandsmeer,
> Wo Tag und Nacht zur Dämmerung wird;
> Noch niemand feierte Wiederkehr,
> Der sich im Sturme dorthin verirrt.
> Das ist dein Weg.
> Dort, wo das Heil noch nie gelehrt,
> Dort wird in einem krystallenen Haus
> Ein wilder Reiher als Gott verehrt.
> Dem Reiher reisse drei Federn aus
> Und bringe sie her!"

If he burns the first feather, he will behold

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the image of the coveted woman in the far distance. By burning the second, he will be united with her in the secrecy of the midnight hour. The burning of the third will bring destruction to her likewise.

Both the greatness and the tragedy of *Witte's* career lie in this, that he allows himself to be drawn under the spell of these fatalistic conceptions. He accomplishes the task demanded: he struggles through the horrors of the enchanted island and brings back his prize. He burns the first feather, and now there floats before him, between sea and sky, the gigantic shadow of a womanly form which incites his feelings to highest passion. He rushes upon it as *Faust* rushed upon the phantom of *Helen;* but, like the phantom of *Helen*, it vanishes into air before his outstretched arms.

From here on he seems almost bereft of reason. He has no thought of his country suffering under the tyranny of a savage usurper; he has no eye for any sight of real life that presents itself to him; he only raves in ecstatic desire for that fair image. Thus he comes, in the course of his wanderings, to the court of a young widowed queen who, in order to satisfy the clamorings of her people for a ruler, has proclaimed her willingness to accept the hand of him who in knightly combat should defeat the host of her wooers. Half against his will, unconsciously moved by the entreating glance of the lovely young queen, he takes up arms for her, and, although severely wounded in the tournament, is declared victor and accepted as the queen's husband. But even now, at the side of the fairest and sweetest of women, he finds no rest; his only thought is of that magic vision in the clouds. The cares of state weigh upon him; like the hero of "The Sunken Bell," he feels burdened with the commonplace concerns of everyday life; his wife seems to him to draw him down into ordinary enjoyment—"Geniessen macht gemein." Despondent of his fate, out of accord with himself, he once more takes refuge in the supernatural: in solitary midnight hour he burns the second magic feather which is to unite him with the beloved. The queen, who has spent a sleepless night, grieving over her husband's gloom, is attracted by the flame and thus appears before him. But the frenzied man, instead of seeing in her appearance the fulfilment of the oracle, instead of recognizing in her the woman of his destiny, reproaches her for having watched and suspected him. His harsh words cause her long repressed feelings for him to break forth without reserve; and in a supremely beautiful scene husband and wife are for a moment truly brought together.

But only for a moment. For soon *Witte's* restless craving leads him again astray. He abandons himself to wild orgies and dissipations, and although in a measure he atones for these by rising to spasmodic heroism in the political crisis brought upon the country through his eccentricities, he sinks back into his former state as soon as the crisis is past; and he ends by laying down his crown and resuming his old knight-errantship, he, "der Sehnsucht nimmermüder Sohn." In the last act we see him, a prematurely broken man, after many weary wanderings and many fruitless undertakings, on his way homeward to the scenes of his youth. Passing by the castle of his wife, he is recognized by a peasant, and the news is brought to the queen. She who, during all these years of loneliness, has lived for him and in him only, at once hastens to greet him. And now at last the scales fall from his eyes. He sees that he has wasted his life, that he has been under the spell of an illusion, that he has wilfully spurned heaven's best gifts. Feverishly he grasps for the last fatal feather; he will break the spell, will destroy the pernicious image that has hunted him all his life. He casts the feather into the flame. But instead of the hoped-for magic effect, he sees his own wife sinking at his feet, uttering a last dying word of faith and love. Despairingly he throws himself upon her body, and is thus united to her at last:

"Wer seiner Sehnsucht nachläuft, muss dran sterben;
Nur wer sie wegwirft, dem ergiebt sie sich."

That a drama like this should in general have found little favor with the critics is not surprising. Surprising—and highly gratifying—is the fact that the verdict of the reading public seems in this case to differ widely from that of the critics. Already, hardly three months after its first performance, the drama has reached a tenth edition. That it has its serious artistic blemishes it would be folly to deny. There is a certain forced grandeur in the heroic parts and an equally forced vulgarity in the subordinate figures. And reasonable exception might perhaps be taken to this whole genre of symbolical poetry. It certainly is true that the leading idea of this drama, embodied in characters of our own time and in actions belonging to the sphere of our own experience, would have touched the average reader of to-day more quickly and more surely. But may it not be that, on that very account, this work will speak more distinctly to future generations, that its very timelessness and inconcreteness will give it permanence and universal value? Even if this should not be the case, it will most assuredly live in history as a noble monument of German intellectual life at the end of the nineteenth century, as a *magna pars* of the artistic revival which has placed the German drama once more in the very front rank of European literature. For, however strange and far away at first sight its characters and its actions may seem to be, it is, after all, most closely related to our own lives; it brings before us what may be called the problem of problems of our own time—the reconciliation of intensest activity with simple enjoyment; of restless striving with spiritual peace.

KUNO FRANCKE.

Correspondence.

A MISFIT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On page of 285 of "The Week" in the current number of the *Nation*, you justly crticise my townsman, Gen. Alger; but when you say, "He knows he can be dismissed to the *dreary shades* of Detroit, etc.," it causes me disturbance, resulting in this resentful protest. To a citizen of the most beautiful city in this country, the best paved, best lighted, best sewered, cleanest, and best equipped with street-railway service, the words "dreary shades" are especially irritating. Detroit is a city of 300,000 people, including our beloved Alger; and if you will compare its bank clearings for the present week with cities of its class, you will gain a clearer conception of its commercial importance. Had you written "the beautiful metropolis of Michigan," all would have been well. Do with Alger as you will. Catch him and feed him an occasional (small) ration of chemically prepared beef, but kindly remember that for "dreary shades" the City of the Straits does not meet the requirements.

P.

DETROIT, April 22, 1899.

"HERR" VS. "MR."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I use the columns of the *Nation* to enter a solemn protest against the promiscuous use of the German word "Herr" as a designation of foreign dignitaries of almost any nationality? The April number of the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* contains a picture of "Herr Coloman Szell, the new Hungarian Premier." *Herr*, needless to say, is neither Hungarian nor English. The Hungarian word is "Ur" and is placed after the name, viz., "Coloman Szell Ur." I remember having seen in American papers the combination, "Herr Ristowitsch," which, in the vernacular of that gentleman's country, would be "Pan Ristowitsch." I have seen Herr used in a great many other cases where it is absolutely uncalled for. Why assume such bogus learning? Why not call a man by plain English "Mr." (which is in no way farther remote from the language of the gentlemen mentioned than German "Herr")? Why prefix anything to their names at all? Even the German papers very rarely speak of "Herr Richter," "Herr Bebel," but either of "Richter," "Bebel," or of "Eugen Richter," "August Bebel." The latter form would be the usual one with pictures.

I presume that such protests may have appeared in your paper before, but it seems that they cannot be urged too often. I am afraid that some day I may see the likeness of a noted Chinaman with the inscription "Herr Li Hung Chang."

Yours respectfully, E. C. R.

ANN ARBOR, MICH., April 17, 1899.

Notes.

Prof. George Hempl of Michigan University has in preparation a volume of 'Runic Studies' to be issued probably during the present year. An abstract of one of its chapters was read at the sixteenth meeting of the Modern Language Association, and is to appear in the current volume of the *Journal of Germanic Philology*. It offers a key to the origin of the Runic alphabet.

D. Appleton & Co. announce for early publication 'The Races of Europe: A Sociological Study,' by Prof. William Z. Ripley; 'Imperial Democracy,' by David Starr Jordan; 'Alaska and the Klondike,' by Prof. Angelo Heilprin; 'Love among the Lions,' by F. Anstey; 'Idylls of the Sea,' by Frank T. Bullen, author of 'The Cruise of the *Cachalot*'; 'Hungarian Literature,' by Dr. Zoltan Beöthy; 'Uncle Sam's Soldiers,' by O. P. Austin; 'Our Navy in Time of War,' by Franklin Matthews, and 'The Story of the English Kings according to Shakespeare,' three new volumes in Appletons' "Home-Reading Series."

A life of Oliver Cromwell, elaborately illustrated, is in preparation by Samuel Raw-

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son Gardiner, and will be published by the Scribners. They announce also 'Cathedral Builders: The Story of a Great Guild,' by Leader Scott; and 'Across the Campus,' life at Smith College, by Miss Caroline M. Fuller.

'Two Summer Island Papers,' a new book about Bermuda, "in effect a literary history of the islands," by J. C. L. Clark, is to be published in September by C. de Hasbrouck, No. 57 Bromfield Street, Boston.

A new number of the Columbia University Series of Contributions to Philosophy, Psychology, and Education (Macmillan) will be 'Educational Legislation and Administration of the Colonial Governments,' by Miss Elsie W. Clews.

The "Cambridge [Mass.] Edition" of the 'Complete Poetical Works of John Milton' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) succeeds in compressing them into one octavo volume of a little more than 400 pages. The poems are in double columns, but considerable space is allotted to a Life and to appropriate introductions and notes, calculated for school use or private culture. A youthful portrait of the poet is the only one given. It is a pity that an editor could not have been found with some simplicity of style and reverence of temper, not patronizing Milton alike in his juvenile psalms and in "Paradise Regained"—not "steeped to his lips," to borrow from Matthew Arnold, "in the fantasticalities" of this present decadence, every bit as unnatural as those of Donne or Cowley. We are shown, "in odd relief out of this precocious solemnity, one of those lightning flashes from the clear sky of youth which tell of the summer passion suspended there," and learn that of "the twin poems" "the speech incarnates the thought as easily, as satisfyingly, as the muscles of a Phidian youth incarnate the motor-impulses of his brain." "Il Penseroso" and a boxer! Hyperion to a Satyr! The editor twice has to use the term "conceitfulness" to express his idea of Milton's early style. The prose translations of the Latin poems are neither strict nor graceful, and there are some bad misprints.

More endearing to the eye is the little selection of 'Poems, Narrative, Elegiac, and Visionary, by Percy Bysshe Shelley,' in the Dent-Macmillan "Temple Classics" series. Mr. Gollancz has naturally called to his aid as sub-editor Mr. H. Buxton Forman, whose task has not been heavy. To the same series belongs De Quincey's 'Confessions of an English Opium-Eater,' with marginalia and notes from the hand of Mr. Walter Jerrold.

Much solicitation has at last obtained of Macmillan & Co. the inclusion in their Golden Treasury Series of Fitzgerald's 'Omar'; with Fitzgerald, however, omitted from the title-page, and invisible by name everywhere except incidentally in the bibliographical chronicle on the verso of the title. To be in keeping with the series, this edition could not compete altogether with the best American, in comparison with which all that can be said is that it is handy.

Lieut. Hobson's unaffected account of 'The Sinking of the *Merrimac*' has been read serially by thousands in the *Century Magazine* with thrilling interest. Posterity is entitled to share this emotion, with the added ease which a book affords, and the Century Co. has done well to reproduce in a handsome volume the story of an exploit whose glory (let rampant warriors take heed) is in its essentially non-resistant character.

Mr. John Boyd Thacher of Albany, who maintains so creditably the traditions of an older generation of book collectors who cared for something more than the price their treasures cost them, prepared one of the most interesting of the papers presented in honor of John Cabot at the quadricentennial meeting in Halifax in 1897. His address, which describes the discovery of 1497 in picturesque fashion, but with a proper sense of the distinction between the known and the guessed-at, was printed in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, and a special edition has also been issued by Mr. Thacher. He has illustrated it most intelligently with heliotype facsimiles of several of the significant sources of Cabotian information, taken from books and manuscripts in his library.

Dr. Georgiana Morrill's 'Speculum Gy de Warewyke' is one of the most elaborate pieces of editing on which the Early English Text Society has so far put its imprint (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.). The text, with the variants, takes up less than fifty pages; the introduction, notes, and glossary extend to more than two hundred and fifty. Miss Morrill is a pupil of Zupitza and of Schick, and has been carefully trained in Middle English linguistics. She has worked at her thirteenth-century poem with industry and enthusiasm, and her edition is not likely to be superseded. The 'Speculum' is, in the main, a *rifacimento* or free version of Alcuin's moral epistle to Count Guy of Tours. It is a very dull composition, and its interest consists almost entirely in the fact that the English redactor has, by a natural transference, attached the "sarmoun" to the romantic history of Guy of Warwick. Anything that throws light on this mysterious personage is welcome to the student of popular literature, and Miss Morrill's extensive and erudite, though somewhat indigested, Introduction will doubtless be frequently consulted.

The Department of the Colonies of the Netherlands issued, two years since, the first part of a daily record, kept at Batavia, of early events in the Dutch East Indies, whose original is in the Government archives at The Hague. The second part of this 'Dagh-Register gehouden int Casteel Batavia' (The Hague: M. Nijhoff, 1898), continues the story from 1631 to 1634. The book, a volume of nearly 500 pages, is more of a detailed history than its title implies. The part here under review comprises the administrations of the Governors-General Jacques Specx and Hendrik Brouwer. As the editor, Dr. H. T. Colenbrander, points out in his preface, the commerce of the Dutch East India Company in this period is seen steadily to increase, and the shadows, at least, of the assertion of sovereignty that the Company, through the force of circumstances, is gradually obliged to make, have already become visible. Not only is it necessary for the Dutch to defend themselves in the possession of their property, but they are forced from time to time, for the sake of prestige, to assert themselves by assuming the aggressive. The record, furthermore, does not confine itself to what has since become the Dutch East Indies, but extends to dealings with other countries and islands of the East, with Persia, Japan, Siam, India, Ceylon, and the Philippines, and incidentally has no little material with regard to the early navigation of the unknown Malay archipelago. The book is an extremely valuable source of original information concerning not only the development of the Dutch colonies, but of European commercial and colonial power in the Far East. There is a carefully prepared index.

In the *Athenæum* of April 8 Mr. W. Fraser Rae begins, in a first instalment, to pour forth his "New Light on Junius." This light does not, he confesses, illumine the hitherto undiscoverable incognito beyond dispute, but it helps to throw Sir Philip Francis and his adherents still further into the shade.

Prof. E. Hübner of Berlin, who ten or eleven years ago occupied temporarily a chair in the Johns Hopkins University, and at that time published contributions to a Ciceronian bibliography, writes in the *Rundschau* for April on the variable position held by Cicero, the writer and the man, in the estimation of scholars and cultivated circles, in different lands and periods. He regrets the disfavor, not to say condemnation, which the character and writings of the immortal Roman have for some time past incurred among the educated class in Germany. Though disclaiming any attempt at a *Rettung* or whitewashing of Cicero, he nevertheless has at heart the rehabilitation of the great classic wherever he may have lost prestige.

The *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for April opens with a description of the Caroline Islands by F. W. Christian, who emphasizes the neglect of the Spaniards to develop their resources or to civilize the natives. Some of the islands are "nothing better than pirate strongholds." In earlier days the natives were "great navigators, guiding their way fearlessly by a most accurate knowledge of the stars and ocean currents." Even as late as the beginning of this century a fleet of eighteen or twenty large canoes sailed annually in February to Guam, a distance of some five hundred miles, returning in April or May. The article is illustrated by pictures taken by a Manila photographer who accompanied the writer, but has since been shot by the Spaniards as a rebel. Mr. Christian's reference to the native rising in the Philippines is interesting as that of a non-partisan observer. He says emphatically that it is "not a cause of pure patriotism. It is directed by unprincipled men working for their own selfish ends against law and order. . . . It means the massacre of peaceful Europeans, and the torture of helpless women and children." There are also accounts of a region on the western shore of Lake Baikal and of the French Niger Territory, some of which is extraordinarily fertile but still undeveloped.

The *Consular Reports* for April opens with a statistical account of the trade of this country with northern China, which it shows has for some years been "constantly increasing—not slowly, but in an almost phenomenal manner." There is also a description of a method of inducing persons of small means to save which has proved very successful in some German cities. Instead of obliging them to bring their savings to the bank, the bank undertakes to collect from its depositors certain fixed sums weekly. On the receipt of the money, which varies between the limits of 50 pfennigs and 10 marks, the depositor is given a printed coupon, showing the amount collected, the date, and the number of the pass-book. In Mainz the number of weekly depositors on January 1, 1898, was 5,799, who made a weekly deposit of $3,704, the majority depositing one

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and two marks. In a table showing the tonnage of ships entered in the principal ports of the world in 1887 and 1895, it is noteworthy that Constantinople stands second, or next to London, with (in round numbers) thirteen millions—an increase of nearly four and a half millions. New York has dropped from the fifth to the eighth place on the list, foreign commerce alone being included, with an increase of less than a million.

In one of the recent monthly meetings of the Association de Représentants de la Presse Étrangère, at Constantinople, Major von Huber, one of the German officers in the service of the Ottoman Government, in connection with the building of the Anatolian railroad, reported the preparation by himself of a map of Asia Minor, Syria, and Palestine, based on reliable sources of information, mostly of an official character, access to which was facilitated by the friendly feeling entertained by the Turkish authorities towards the Germans. The size of the map, which as yet has had only a limited circulation in MS. reproductions, but is soon to be published somewhere outside of Turkey, is 1.30 by 0.94 metres, and the scale is 1:1,500,000. The author states that it contains some 9,500 data with reference to the highways, railroads, etc., of these provinces, while special efforts have been made to indicate the exact population, status, etc., of the Christian contingent. Accompanying this main map are two smaller ones, dealing with Crete and Constantinople. The political significance of this collection of charts at the present time is apparent at a glance, and probably explains why the Porte refused to permit their publication within the limits of the Empire. It is Von Huber's purpose to bring out his map in an accurate but quite inexpensive edition.

We are requested to state that the entrance examinations for the Library School of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, are to be given this year on June 24 instead of in September as heretofore.

The summer courses for foreigners in the study of the French language at the University of Grenoble will be open from July 1 to October 31, and will be more complete than ever. In the first fortnight in July a formal opening session will be presided over by the rector, and will comprise a lantern lecture on the geography of Dauphiny by Prof. Collet. For all particulars, students should address M. Marcel Reymond, No. 4 Place de la Constitution.

The Anti-Imperialist League, whose headquarters are at No. 43 Milk Street, Boston (Francis A. Osborn, Treasurer), desires contributions in aid of the spread of argumentative literature that makes for peace and national integrity.

—The American success of "Cyrano" has led to the republication (Doubleday & McClure Co.) of a quaint seventeenth-century translation of the 'Histoire comique des états et empires de la lune,' with an excellent biographical introduction and notes by Mr. Curtis Hidden Page. Though subordinate to the work itself, the editor's share calls for special attention on account of the reasonable limits to which it has been restricted and its accuracy in matters of detail. For example, Mr. Page's note on "saraband," which makes of this "a *lively* Spanish dance," differs from the common erroneous description of English dictionaries, which call it "stately," and agrees with the *con poca modestia* of Spanish authorities. Also, the bibliographical indications point out important works of kindred character in various languages, and suggest possible indebtedness on the part of Cyrano. Of the "Voyage," comparatively little is likely to hold the interest of readers unprepared by reëxamination of Gautier's essay in 'Les Grotesques.' The work is a fitful gallopade in the thin upper regions of a fancy somewhat lacking in ethereality and inventiveness. Even in the common device of inverting or reversing terrestrial conditions, the author fails to work out the scheme on systematic lines. We find that some of the lunar inhabitants, though shaped like human beings, walk on four feet; that they puzzle over the nature and sex of their earthly visitor; that they feed, not on solids, but on vapors—with more of the same sort. Underlying all these imaginings come theories physical and metaphysical, gathered right and left from Campanella, Cardan, Gassendi, and others, but presenting, to our eyes, a veritable farrago of speculation, in which, however, a subtle allegory may possibly lurk. More attractive is the curiously anticipatory character of several practices of Cyrano's entertainers, who are familiar with cremation and "ambulatory" houses; and who, to belief in a sort of microbian hypothesis, add a firm trust in the efficacy of faith-cures. It is also worth noting, as a typical bit of Cyranesque egotism, that *large-nosed* moon-dwellers are alone permitted to multiply. And, lastly, when we observe what poetical setting M. Rostand has succeeded in giving to his hero's ways of reaching the moon, all prosaically detailed here, we feel more than ever the truth of Cyrano's sad dying admission,

". . . . . Oui, ma vie,
Ce fut d'être celui qui souffle—et qu'on oublie!"

—Under the title of 'Nouvelle-France et Nouvelle-Angleterre' (Paris: Calmann Lévy), Mme. Th. Bentzon publishes her impressions of travel lately issued in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The notes for this volume were the fruit of observations along the Saguenay trip, in Montreal and Quebec, and during rapid visits to Concord, Salem, the commencement exercises at Harvard, and so on. In the Canadian part there are two distinct elements—a capital guide-book for future tourists, compiled with the practised ease of a good observer, and a bundle of judgments and opinions on the conditions of French Canadian life as affecting women, to which aspect, it would appear, Mme. Bentzon almost exclusively confined her attention. For the many conventual establishments—and especially for hospitals directed by Sisters of Mercy—which came in her way, the traveller has little else than praise, not unaccompanied with disparagement of rival institutions in hands English and secular, concerning which (from hearsay, apparently) she concludes less favorably. At the same time, a discreet innuendo here and there suggests that ecclesiastical reins struck the writer as being drawn a little closer in the Province of Quebec than in France of to-day; and there is also recognition of the fact that difference of race would produce much less friction in the absence of religious antagonism. Dealing with French Canadian peculiarities, Mme. Bentzon takes a more charitable view than the late H. C. Bunner, and finds the *habitant* guilty of the sole vice of drunkenness. She touches very gingerly on the quality of language and accent characteristic of French Canada, contenting herself with the mild irony of "Cet accent non classé est tout simplement, on le croit du moins au Canada, l'accent du XVIIe. siècle." It is, however, surprising that in connection with the return of Canadian factory-hands from New England industrial towns, no notice should have been taken of the frequent Anglicizing of names; but an unprepared traveller may well be excused for not recognizing "Noël Trudeau" under his alternative designation of "Christmas Waterhole."

—Passing from French Canada into New England, Mme. Bentzon's attention was drawn to the contrast thus presented in life, type, and character, though the difference appears less sharp to one who proceeds slowly by way of the district known as the "Eastern Townships," between the St. Lawrence and our own frontier. The visits to Concord and Salem contain little more than the traditional observations and reflections on the Transcendentalists and the witches, many of which are doubtless new to French readers. The latter should, however, be informed that "a *lintoo* roof" is approximately correct in sound, yet unconventional in spelling; also, that to English ears a "glee club" does not suggest "club de la joie." In conclusion, the author, prudently hazarding no independent counsel or opinion, records a hope for a splendid future to Canada, as a mark of gratitude for attentions and hospitality generously given and here so gracefully acknowledged.

—In order to excite greater zeal in the study of modern languages and to make it possible to learn them more thoroughly, somewhat more than a year ago a number of educators in Germany organized a system of international correspondence between the pupils of schools in different countries, the exchange being made through a central office at Leipzig. Experience has now shown the thorough success of this innovation. More than thirty schools in Germany, England, and France have in this first twelvemonth already coöperated in the scheme. Somewhat to the surprise of the Germans, the French and the English have been the most enthusiastic participants. The plan calls for a letter from each member every two weeks, alternating in the language of the writer and that of the recipient. The recipient returns the letter corrected. Each pupil is permitted to have but one correspondent. In order to avoid possible trouble, the missive is addressed, not to the pupil, but to the school. The higher schools for girls are taking the liveliest interest in the work. The principal of a young ladies' seminary in Macon, France, writes to the central office at Leipzig that through these letters her pupils have become ardent students of German, and that the communications have proved to be great aids to study. The applications for membership by the schools of France and England have been so numerous as to embarrass the Leipzig office. The friends of the movement, in addition to the educational value of it, draw attention to the moral benefits in the formation of friendships between young people of different nationalities which will necessarily bear good fruit hereafter.

RECENT AMERICAN POETRY.

It can scarcely be denied, in looking over the harvest of American poetry yielded during the last six months, that the three or

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four volumes indicating most promise are by women. One of these writers is Mrs. Lilla Cabot Perry, known best as a painter; but also through her remarkable translation of 'Pictures in Prose,' by Turgeneff, and her little volume, 'In the Garden of Hellas,' of versions from the Greek Anthology. In her 'Impressions' (Copeland & Day) there is a vigorous grasp, as in the following (p. 81):

A DREAM.

"Horseman, springing from the dark,
Horseman, flying wild and free,
Tell me, what shall be thy road,
Whither speedest far from me?"

"From the dark into the light,
From the small unto the great,
From the valleys dark I ride
O'er the hills to conquer fate!"

"Take me with thee, horseman mine!
Let me madly ride with thee!"
As he turned I met his eyes,
My own soul looked back at me!

The same quality is seen also in the fine closing line of this brief definition (p. 47) called

ART.

Wouldst know the artist? Then go seek
Him in his labors.—Though he strive
That Nature's voice alone should speak
From page or canvas to the heart,
Yet is it passionately alive
With his own soul! Of him 'tis part!—
This happy failure, this is Art.

It is to be noticed that each of these poems culminates in the complete felicity of the last line, as often happens in the Greek Anthology; and this is true of many of Mrs. Perry's poems, whereas with more commonplace artists the last line is apt to enfeeble the whole. Her defect lies, however, after all, in an imperfect control of her own chisel; there are halting lines, insufficient cadences. This, and this alone, leads to the impression that perhaps the pen is not, after all, her final and predestined implement.

Miss Josephine Preston Peabody, in 'The Wayfarers' (Boston: Copeland), is one of the youngest American women whose poems have matured into a volume, and she is certainly one of the best worth reading. Sometimes mastered by her own conception and not always working it thoroughly out into clear utterance, she yet has always something to say, and often gets it well and strongly uttered. "The Weavers," for instance, is a very striking and original personification of the unseen powers that mould our destiny even while we sleep (p. 26):

THE WEAVERS.

All day I walk among the crowd,
Seeking the Weavers. Well I wot
This noonday, staring blank and hot,
Is not for them; yet in a cloud
Of men I wander—call aloud.
All day I seek, and find them not.

Lo, every night the Weavers come,
And one by one, and silently,
With eyes down-looking timidly,
They steal into the darkening room,
Bent forms and eld against the gloom,
With faces gray as mystery.

Dim faces have the Weavers,—eyes
Of patience that do seem to shun
The waning light, as one by one
They come what way the shadow lies,
Like long imprisoned memories
That dare not look upon the sun.

With flickering smiles of gentleness,
Finger on lip, they come: and soon
Beneath the shuttle's lowly croon
The silence groweth less and less,
As dusk before the loveliness
Of a slow-rising summer moon.

. . . . . .

The shuttle singeth. And fair things
Upon the web do come and go;
Dim traceries like clouds ablow
Fade into cobweb glimmerings,
A silver, frotted with small wings,—
The while a voice is singing low.

. . . . . .

The quiet yieldeth up its sweet
To a great laughter; winds arise;
Wild birds awaken alien skies,
And in a tremulous outer heat
The pulses of the summer beat
To the deep hum of dragon-flies.

. . . . . .

"Lo, the Life-glory, it hath come!"
Ah, Soul, who laughed aloud at thee?
Nay, not the Weavers. Mystery!
Was it a shuttle, broken, dumb?
Nought is there, nought in all the room
Save daylight and its vacancy.

Last night the Weavers came and went.
Ay me, so fair a web was wrought,
All winged hopes within it caught!
And ere the colors were forespent
The blank day snatched the joy they lent,
Day, staring like a thing distraught.

I seek the Weavers. As I go,
All faces save their own I see,
But not their gentle company,—
Never their smiles that flicker so.
Theirs are the only eyes I know;
All other folks are strange to me.

In 'England and Yesterday,' a book of short poems by Louise Imogen Guiney (London: Grant Richards), we have, all things considered, the finest poetic tribute yet paid to that imperishable tie which links England and America in literary traditions. Miss Guiney, perhaps the most cultivated and the most original of American women who write poetry, has printed in England a little book of poems born in English soil, yet essentially American at heart. She is the only representative here of that Celtic revival which is the best thing in contemporary English verse; and it is not strange to find her various lyrics and sonnets inscribed to leaders of that movement, such as Lionel Johnson and Dora Sigerson. Oxford has also laid its spell on her, as on all such temperaments; and many charming memories will be recalled by a sonnet like this (p. 20):

ROOKS IN NEW COLLEGE GARDENS.

Through rosy clouds, and over thorny towers,
Their wings with darkling autumn distance filled,
From Isis' valley border, hundred-hilled,
The rooks are crowding home as evening lowers:
Not for men only, and their musing hours,
By battled walls did gracious Wykeham build
These dewy spaces early sown and stilled,
These dearest inland melancholy bowers.
Blest birds! A book held open on the knee
Below, is all they guess of Adam's blight:
With surer art the while, and simpler rite,
They follow Truth in some monastic tree,
Where *breathe against their docile breasts*, by night,
The scholar's star, the star of sanctity.

Best of all, perhaps, as separating her by a clear strong line of demarkation from those Americans whom England simply dwarfs and retains, is this memory of home, even among the London docks (p. 14):

IN THE DOCKS.

Where the bales thunder till the day is done,
And the wild sounds with wilder odours cope;
Where, over crouching sail and coiling rope,
Lascar and Moor along the gangway run;
Where stifled Thames spreads in the pallid sun,
A hive of anarchy from slope to slope;
Flag of my birth, my liberty, my hope,
I see thee at the masthead, joyous one!
O thou good guest! So oft as, young and warm,
To the home wind thy hoisted colours bound,
Away, away from this too thoughtful ground,
Sodden with human trespass and despair,
Thee only, from the desert, from the storm,
A sick mind follows into Eden air.

Miss Helen Hay, under the modest title of 'Some Verses' (Chicago: Stone), fortunately does not follow her father in the direction of dialect—since one dialect writer is enough for a family—yet shows much power in verse-making, a delicate eye for nature, and a real depth of feeling, which, unfortunately, takes, especially on the first and last pages, a somewhat severe and even repulsive form. There is much concentration in these poems, and the very shortest sometimes present a striking imaginative suggestion, as in the following (p. 67):

THE LAST CLOUD.

A red-rose cloud upon the evening sky,
A warrior cloud which dies in gallant fight,
Too proud for prisons of triumphant night.
Knowing no pause, no strain of changing years,
Its little hour too short for dreams or tears,
The faithful sun its first and latest light—
Who would not so be glad to fight and die!
A red-rose cloud upon the evening sky.

The poem which, although not remarkable in conception, shows the most distinctly musical gift, and has even a haunting quality, is the following (p. 60):

TO DIANE.

The ruddy poppies bend and bow,
Diane! do you remember?
The sun you knew shines proudly now,
The lake still lists the breeze's vow,
Your towers are fairer for their stains,
Each stone you smiled upon remains.
Sing low—where is Diane?
Diane! do you remember?

I come to find you through the years,
Diane! do you remember?
For none may rule my love's soft fears.
The ladies now are not your peers,
I seek you thro' your tarnished halls,
Pale sorrow on my spirit falls.
High, low,—where is Diane?
Diane! do you remember?

I crush the poppies where I tread,
Diane! do you remember?
Your flower of life, so bright, so red—
She does not hear—Diane is dead.
I pace the sunny bowers alone
Where naught of her remains but stone.
Sing low—where is Diane?
Diane does not remember.

'Along the Trail: A Book of Lyrics,' by Richard Hovey (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.), is rather misnamed, for the author shows us his well-known lyric gift only in the now familiar song "Give a Rouse then *in the May-Time*," while a large part of the book takes the sonnet form. It is fitting that a good deal of the book should have academic reference to Dartmouth College and the Psi Upsilon Fraternity, and in these it is appropriate enough that the author's art should show itself as being, in his own phrase, "frank-and-twenty"; yet there comes a time when this prolonged juvenility must perforce wane a little, and, perhaps, both the authors of 'Vagabondia' need to bear this *fact in mind. For some reason or other, the* maturer muse of Mr. Hovey does not seem always to show recognition of this truth, nor are the luscious and morbid horrors of Mallarmé the best school for a healthy maturing; but there is no cause for real anxiety in regard to one who can write, in the intervals of 'Vagabondia,' anything so strong and simple as this sonnet (p. 27):

AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.

When I sit down with thee at last alone,
Shut out the wrangle of the clashing day,
The scrape of petty jars that fret and fray,
The snarl and yelp of brute beasts for a bone;
When thou and I sit down at last alone,
And, through the dusk of rooms divinely gray,
Spirit to spirit finds its voiceless way,
As tone melts meeting in accordant tone,—
Oh, then our souls, far in the vast of sky,
Look from a tower, too high for sound of strife
Or any violation of the town,
Where the great vacant winds of God go by,
And over the huge misshapen city of life
Love pours his silence and his moonlight down.

'Poems by Richard Realf, Poet, Soldier, Workman,' with a memoir by Richard J. Hinton, is a thick volume of more than 300 pages (Funk & Wagnalls), about one-half being biography and one-half verse. The memoir is a curious illustration of a fact as old as history—the fascination exercised by the brilliant, sentimental, mercurial type of man over the honest but unimaginative friend. It is simply impossible to make a hero—outside of a French novel—of one who began his career at nineteen in England by seducing a young relative of his chief benefactor, Lady Byron, and who, being beaten unmercifully by the girl's brother, disappeared and was afterwards recognized as a barefooted ballad singer; who, being banished from England to America, married three wives, two of them illegally, and finally committed suicide because his second wife, being apparently of more determined character than the others, persisted in following him up. It was perfectly in character for such a man to become John Brown's secretary, and betray his secrets for six hundred dollars (p. xlvii), and on the other hand, that he should give away half the money

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to two of John Brown's escaped companions; nor is it out of character that he should write to his sister, "Why, Sallie, I have sung 'Home, Sweet Home,' when no eye but God's has seen me, and when no ear but His has listened; because, if I had not sung it, my full heart would have broken; and the tears would roll down my cheeks, and I would tremble till I could hardly sit on my horse" (p. xxxv). The best explanation that his faithful friend and biographer can give of him, is that he must have "suffered at times from some form of dementia" (p. xxx). Thus much of the memoir, and for the poems the following love-sonnet is, perhaps, the very low-water mark; it would be a pity, indeed, to have it go much lower (p. 19):

PASSION.

I clench my arms about your neck, until
The knuckles of my hands grow white with pain,
And my swollen muscles quiver with the strain,
And all the pulses of my life stand still.
I say I clench so. Ah! you cannot tear
Yourself away from my immortal grip
Of forlorn tenderness and salt despair,
And child-like sorrowing after fellowship,
And wolf-like hunger of the famishing heart;
For not until my sundering fibres crack,
And my torn limbs from their wrenched sockets start,
O darling, darling! will I yield me back
To that lone hell whence, shuddering through and through,
With one wild tiger-leap I sprang to you.

So far as it appears, Realf was a good soldier for four years during the civil war, and was offered a first lieutenancy in the regular army, but declined it (p. lxxi). The high-water mark of his verses—which are in general, it must be said, mediocre—is, perhaps, the following (p. 40):

MY SWORD SONG.

Day in, day out, through the long campaign,
I march in my place in the ranks;
And whether it shine or whether it rain,
My good sword cheerily clanks.
It clanks and clanks in a knightly way
Like the ring of an armored heel;
And this is the song which day by day
It sings with its lips of steel:

"O friend, from whom a hundred times
I have felt the strenuous grip
Of the all-renouncing love that climbs
To the heights of fellowship;
Are you tired of all the weary miles?
Are you faint with your swooning limbs?
Do you hunger back for the olden smiles,
And the lilt of olden hymns?

. . . . . .

"Under the wail of the shuddering world
Amoan for its fallen sons;
Over the volleying thunders hurled
From the throats of the wrathful guns;
Above the roar of the plunging line
That rocks with the fury of hell,
Runs the absolute voice: O Earth of mine,
Be patient, for all is well!"

Thus sings my sword to my soul, and I,
Albeit the way is long,
As soiled clouds darken athwart the sky—
Still keep my spirit strong:
Whether I live, or whether I lie
On the stained ground, ghastly and stark,
Beyond the carnage I shall descry
God's love shine across the dark.

Take four parts of Joaquin Miller, add two of Kipling, one of Stephen Crane, and three of natural and almost boyish feeling—lasting strangely amid a medley of discourse, often childishly or vulgarly selected—and you have 'Kufu, and Other Poems,' by Clay Arthur Pierce, published in St. Louis by the author. The volume is an excellent piece of book-making in externals (from the Gottschalk Press, St. Louis), and its checkered black and red lines have an oddity which sometimes verges on picturesqueness. Apparently, the author wishes you to know his favorite lines, and so puts them in scarlet, and he often uses these tints instead of ordinary italics; or employs them to designate in the margin the precise date of the poem—for he is very much interested in his own statistics. Occasionally a red line slants across the whole page, not for erasure, but for distinction. Yet with all these evidences of whim and perhaps juvenility, there are signs of promise in "The Ballad of Yuba Wood" (p. 96), and in the protest against Juvenal's Sixth Satire (p. 141).

We have glimpses of Kipling again and of Browning and of Leopardi—and, above all, of youth and its ardor and its crudeness—in 'The Song of the Wave, and Other Poems,' by George Cabot Lodge (Scribners). The enormous gilded wave which overspreads the cover of this book answers the purpose of all Mr. Pierce's torrents of scarlet, and they alike give a promise of something turgid and rhetorical, whose pledge the book itself in each case does something to fulfil. Yet the title-poem (p. 7) is not wholly unbecoming the grandson of an Admiral:

THE SONG OF THE WAVE.

I.

This is the song of the wave! The mighty one!
Child of the soul of silence, beating the air to sound:
White as a live terror, as a drawn sword,
This is the wave.

II.

This is the song of the wave, the white-maned steed of the Tempest
Whose veins are swollen with life,
In whose flanks abide the four winds.
This is the wave.

III.

This is the song of the wave! The dawn leaped out of the sea
And the waters lay smooth as a silver shield,
And the sun-rays smote on the waters like a golden sword.
Then a wind blew out of the morning
And the waters rustled
And the wave was born!

IV.

This is the song of the wave! The wind blew out of the noon,
And the white sea-birds like driven foam
Winged in from the ocean that lay beyond the sky,
And the face of the waters was barred with white,
For the wave had many brothers,
And the wave was strong!

. . . . . .

VI.

This is the song of the wave, that rises to fall,
Rises a sheer green wall like a barrier of glass
That has caught the soul of the moonlight,
Caught and prisoned the moonbeams;
Its edge is frittered to foam.
This is the wave!

Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar has effectually commanded an audience for his poems, and the time has arrived when they should be discussed, not as something sporadic or unexpected, but as dispassionately as if they came from the Anglo-Saxon type. Thus judged—and sympathy makes it difficult to apply the test—it must be said that, while smooth in diction and fairly animated in thought, they do not show that supreme quality which promises to help the colored race as it has been aided by the eloquence of Frederick Douglass or the organizing power of Booker Washington. Yet there is certainly promise in this volume, 'Lyrics of the Hearthside' (Dodd, Mead & Co.); the poems are not tinged with conceit because of sudden applause; and they are best where they come most nearly from the peculiar conditions of the author's life, as in the following poem (p. 40):

SYMPATHY.

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!
When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;
When the wind stirs soft through the springing grass,
And the river flows like a stream of glass;
When the first bird sings and the first bud opes,
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals—
I know what the caged bird feels!

I know why the caged bird beats his wing
Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;
For he must fly back to his perch and cling
When he fain would be on the bough a-swing;
And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars
And they pulse again with a keener sting—
I know why he beats his wing!

I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,
When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore,—
When he beats his bars and he would be free;
It is not a carol of joy or glee,
But a prayer he sends from his heart's deep core,
But a plea, that upward to Heaven he flings—
I know why the caged bird sings!

We have before now called attention to the fact that, when our race once reaches the shores of the Pacific, the merely English traditions and phrases are apt to drop aside from verse, and something fresh and indigenous is revealed. 'Songs from Puget Sea,' by Herbert Bashford (San Francisco: Whitaker), may not as a whole be pronounced original or great, yet how refreshing are the local coloring and atmosphere in this little poem (p. 32):

EVENING ON THE RANCH.

The sunshine gilds the moss-robed roofs
And glares upon the window panes;
By twos and threes the lazy herd
Strolls down the winding, dusty lanes.

The flushed sun sinks; the gold-blurred west
Shows dimly through the maple boughs;
The stars flame out; within their stalls
The wearied oxen dream and drowse.

Like some huge ship with hull afire
The crescent moon in vast, wild seas
Of sombre pine slow settles down
And burns the black tops of the trees.

A sudden silence, deep, profound,
Steals through the wan, uncertain light,
And now one lone frog's flageolet
Rings clear across the falling night.

The same native quality sometimes shows itself in the smallest California productions; so that a little pamphlet of a dozen pages (privately printed), such as 'Southern California Verses,' by Grace Luce, may give more that is indigenous and genuine than Bret Harte, for instance, has told us about California during the quarter of a century that he has lived across the Atlantic, reproducing old types of human life now as utterly departed as the Aztec civilization. Yet the poppies still remain on the hills, and Miss Luce sings them as freshly as Wordsworth his daffodils (p. 5):

POPPIES.

Poppy, blithest flower that grows—
The bees that bend thy orange bloom
Are silenced by thy wild perfume,
And they leave thee in thy whispering rows
Afar from any garden close,
Children of our sunset skies,
And, dancing where the west wind blows
Over mesas, hills, and flowering leas,
You wander to the brink of seas,
A vagrant with the wilful breeze.
Free and wild, where men go not;
The wilderness your favored spot,
You open wide your winsome eyes
On Nature's gorgeous mysteries,
Content to grow, to gleam, and glow,
Forgotten by the butterflies.

The harvest of military and naval verses is not yet at an end, although the Philippine war seems, for very obvious reasons, to add little to it. Even the Spaniards have written but little heroic verse about bull-fighting. 'War Poems, 1898,' compiled by the Californian Club (San Francisco: Murdock Press), has in it not much that is above mediocrity, and the illustrations are below even that grade. Of the poems, the following is best worth quoting, by Miss Blanche M. Channing (p. 105):

THE NEGRO SOLDIER.

We used to think the negro didn't count for very much—
Light-fingered in the melon-patch, and chicken-yard, and such;
Much mixed in point of morals, and absurd in point of dress,
The butt of droll cartoonists and the target of the press;
But we've got to reconstruct our views on color, more or less,
Now we know about the Tenth at La Quasina!

When a rain of shot was falling, with a song upon his lips,
In the horror where such gallant lives went out in death's eclipse,
Face to face with Spanish bullets, on the slope of San Juan,
The negro soldier showed himself another type of man;
Read the story of his courage coldly, carelessly, who can—
The story of the Tenth at La Quasina!

We have heaped the Cuban soil above their bodies, black and white—
The strangely-sorted comrades of that grand and glorious fight—
And many a fair-skinned volunteer goes whole and sound to-day
For the succor of the colored troops, the battle-records say,
And the feud is done for ever, of the blue-coat and the gray—
All honor to the Tenth at La Quasina!

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Another book of the same class, although by a single author, is 'Songs of Good Fighting,' by Eugene R. White (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.). Just as a Whitman literature already exists in the line of imitation, because it is so easy to follow a poet's whims and omit his inspiration, so this book may yet have a bibliographical interest through the rhetorical tricks it borrows from Kipling, as in the following (p. 41):

ON THE GREAT LAKES AND THE SEA.

AS SAID THE SEA:

Now, list to me, said the Cresting Sea, ye wastrel spawn of land,
Ere that ye claim, so confident, kin to the Master's band;
For I am grey as Time is grey, for I am the Twin of Time.
I have seen the haze of the Elder Days, I have looked on the ancient rime,
I have battled with man, I have battled with cliff, I have battled with ships and dune,
At the Altar of Fate I pledged my hate that none may be immune.
Though I be grey with baffled deeds, yet red is the race I ran,
No rest I take my thirst to slake till the Earth be purged of man.

We catch another glimpse of Kipling in these verses from 'For the King, and Other Poems,' by Robert Cameron Rogers (Putnams) (p. 85):

THE STEERSMAN'S SONG.

The fore-shrouds bar the moonlit scud,
The port-rail laps the sea—
Aloft all taut, where the wind clouds skim,
Alow to the cutwater snug and trim,
And the man at the wheel sings low; sings he—
"Oh, sea-room and lee-room
And a gale to run afore,
From the Golden Gate to Sunda Strait,
But my heart lies snug ashore."

Her hull rolls high, her nose dips low,
The rollers flash alee—
Wallow and dip and the uptossed screw
Sends heart-beats quivering through and through—
And the man at the wheel sings low; sings he—
"Oh, sea-room and lee-room
And a gale to run afore—
Sou'east by South and a bone in her mouth,
But my heart lies snug ashore."

The book has, however, some good frontier poems, the best of which is "The Maverick" (p. 48)—this being, as is well known, the name given by frontiersmen to the stray, unbranded, unshod horses who make up the untamable "wild bunch" of the prairies.

The Kiplingese influence is to be found again in 'The Shadows of the Trees,' by Robert Burns Wilson (New York: R. H. Russell), and it is the more remarkable because the pervading tone of the book is that of the love of nature and of a gentle melancholy. The volume is, however, exceptional in merit because the illustrations adorn instead of impairing it, as is more usual. The Kipling strain occurs thus, for instance (p. 7):

A SONG OF NEW SEAS.

Give us new seas to sail—the cry is, give us new seas to sail!
New seas to sail, be they never so mad and we ship in the teeth of the gale:
For the old seas pall on our souls like death, their tides and their deeps we know,
The slope of the continents under the brine, and the black ooze beds below.

The currents that drift from pole to pole—what new hope can they bring?
And the breakers that beat on the thousand shores, what new song can they sing?
The thousand shores—the dreary stretch, what have they else to give
But the same dull death for those that die, and the same dull life to live!

The thousand shores—the gabbling millions, fronting the patient sun,
What will they do in their child's-play world but that they have always done?
These slaves of time with the farce of their flags, and their drivelling cant, accurst,
They will know no more when the last man lives than the first man knew at first.

A collection of more value than these is one called 'The Memory of Lincoln' (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.), containing poems selected from a dozen different authors and skilfully edited, with an introduction, by M. A. De Wolf Howe. Another charming compilation—the best upon its own theme, indeed, that we have ever seen—is 'Mother-Song and Child-Song,' edited by Charlotte Brewster Jordan (Stokes). From "Philip My King" to "Little Orphant Annie," this includes the whole gamut of poetry for young children, and will be a messenger of delight to many households.

A History of Physics in its Elementary Branches. By Florian Cajori. Macmillan Co. 1899.

Prof. Cajori's 'History of Mathematics' has proved a useful book, notwithstanding the fault that was found with it for not being a kind of book it was never designed to be. Should a similar mistake be committed about the present work, however, it will be in a measure the author's own fault; for in a preface he quotes from the chemical leader William Ostwald some sentences which, in German verbose eloquence, express the idea that scientific teaching is not sufficiently historical, and thereupon hopes that this book may do something towards remedying that defect. This, being the main substance of the preface, seems to declare the purpose of the book. But what Ostwald wished to recommend, if anything more than the perusal of classical memoirs, was probably text-books on the plan of Mach's 'Die Mechanik in ihrer Entwickelung historisch-kritisch dargestellt' (a good translation is published by the Open Court Co.), which imparts a very clear notion of the fundamentals of the science in a quite admirable account of the historical evolution of its conceptions; adulterated, unfortunately, it is true, with some baseless metaphysics. Since 99 per cent. of those who study chemistry, as of those who study mechanics, pursue it simply with a view to making industrial applications of their skill, we have little doubt that, for their purposes, Ostwald is quite right in confessing that the unhistorical methods are "very successful," contrary to the contention that there is economy in the historical way of teaching. But, however that may be, in what manner Prof. Cajori can imagine that an anecdotal and "crisp" (we will not say newspapery) narrative of physical discovery can subserve the historical plan of inculcating profound ideas of physics, is not very clear.

All that can be expected in a volume which compresses the whole development of elaterics, thermotics, acoustics, optics, electricity, etc., into a hundred thousand words, is a sketch of the most exterior facts for those who come to it utterly ignorant, together with entertaining reminiscences and perhaps some stray, forgotten circumstances for those who have been over the ground before; and so much this volume certainly gives us. It is impossible to blame the author for not introducing us into the inner current of physical thought, except when he himself, by direct pretension to discuss the vexed question of the reason for the failure of ancient physics, renders it impossible not to notice this side of the work. All our studies of scientific methods during the last half century have gone to confirm Whewell's sagacious induction of 1837, that scientific discoveries cannot be made until appropriate ideas have first grown up. For example, the fact that Aristotle could assert that heavy bodies fall faster than light ones shows that his ideas were not in that state of preparation for the subject which would insure its occurring to him that, whether two bodies of equal weight falling side by side were welded together or not, could make no difference in their rate of falling, unless a strain upon the welding would necessarily be brought about; and so long as such ways of thinking would not be sure to occur to him, he was plainly incapable of devising any suitable experiments relating to the phenomenon, as well as of reasoning from them rightly had they been brought before his eyes. Very few have been the exact general propositions drawn from history, perhaps none before Whewell's date, so eminently instructive as this; for it shows us that science is not unmixed receptivity, but essentially involves a conceptual element that has to go through a period of growth and a process of ripening. There is a certain psychological naïveté, therefore, in Prof. Cajori's bringing forward in 1899 the objection (borrowed from the most anti-historical of all modern schools of philosophy) that Whewell does not explain why such quick-witted folks as the Greeks should have failed to catch appropriate concepts; as if concepts were things that bright minds could always pluck at will. Certainly, Whewell's law does not pretend to explain everything about its subject-matter. That is a character it shares with the theory of evolution through variations at birth, and indeed with all genuine scientific inductions. But it does render the sort of cavil noticed a mere *ignoratio elenchi*. It is true enough, as Prof. Cajori says, that the ancient Greeks were not good physicists because they did not care seriously for physics and had no turn for it. But the reason why they did not care for it and had no turn for it was that they had not yet grown up to it, nor developed the ideas appropriate to that study. In later times, they turned out extremely successful with such branches as by the growth of appropriate ideas they were prepared to study.

Prof. Cajori distributes his space justly both among the different branches of physics and among the different periods of history. The Greeks get 1-24 of his 300 pages, the Romans 1-150, the Arabs 1-75, the Middle Ages 1-37, the Renaissance 1-12, the seventeenth century 1-6, the eighteenth 1-8, and our own 5-9. The natural consequence is that the book gets better and better the further one reads. The very best chapter is the very last, on the evolution of physical laboratories. On the other hand, a person who could not off-hand furnish a more satisfactory account of Greek physics than is here to be found, could hardly be reckoned as ordinarily well informed on the subject. No doubt, Prof. Cajori could have done much better. But he has given such rough characterization as the space to which he restricted this period would permit, as long as it was assumed that the reader was pretty thoroughly unacquainted with the Greeks beforehand.

Whatever all the similar modern compendiums get right this book gets right, and where they are apt to slip, this book is pretty sure to come to grief along with them. Thus, Mach having raised some purely gratuitous objections to the statical reasoning of Archimedes, prompted thereto by his metaphysics, we find Cajori only willing to admit that Archimedes "endeavored to establish" the principle of the lever. Good logic and good sense go with Lagrange in the opinion that the demonstration is perfect, epochal, and superbly ingenious in the highest sense. At any rate, if Prof. Cajori would only attend to the meaning of the word "establish" in English and not of *festgestellt*,

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or *bestätigt*, or *begründen*, in German, we think he must admit that, whether the proof was indisputable or not, the principle was, as a matter of historical fact, *established* by Archimedes. In like manner, he meekly falls into the train of those German commentators who have blunderingly accused Galileo of fallacious reasoning in his refutation of the hypothesis that the velocity of a falling body is proportional to the space described from the state of rest. The most that ought to be admitted is that, in reproducing at eighty years of age his reasonings of sixty years before, he does not set them forth with quite sufficient fulness; but that the reasoning itself, once it is fully stated, is perfectly sound, is quite beyond dispute. He assumes, of course, that the time of the fall is not infinite, and on that basis asserts that, were the law as supposed, the time of falling the first four yards would be no longer than the time of falling the first two. His suppressed reasoning was no doubt something like this: Under the supposition, the time of falling the second half of the first four yards would equal the time of falling the second half of the first two yards, the time of falling the second quarter of the first four yards would equal the time of falling the second quarter of the first two yards; so with the second eighths, the second sixteenths, and so forth indefinitely. Hence, there is no fallacy in concluding that, if the total times are not infinite, they must be equal. The truth of this conclusion is an elementary corollary from an unquestioned formula (that the time is the space integral from zero of a constant divided by the space described from the state of rest); but this does not prevent congenital blunderers from flatly denying it. Prof. Cajori, by the way, tells us in a footnote where to find a German version of Galileo's 'Discorsi'; but an elegant and well-known translation into mere English is passed over in silence. Of nobody was it ever truer than of Galileo that the style is the man; and perhaps Prof. Cajori deems the German language and habits of composition fitter stuff for rendering the keen sixteenth-century Italian than English can be filed down to be.

It is for sundry reasons a good deal easier to write a satisfactory history of physics than a history of mathematics; and probably this will prove the most successful of all Prof. Cajori's histories. The chief difficulty of such an undertaking arises from the separateness of the several branches of physics; and the consequent danger of producing, not a history of physics in general, but a fagot of historiettes of its different branches under one binding. Towards the untying of this knot the present essay affords little clue. However it may be sweetened, a book like this is mainly a record of definite dry facts; and the principal question is, Is it accurate? Without undertaking to search out little flaws, we have found it to be in that respect all that could be expected.

Natalité et Démocratie. Par Arsène Dumont. Paris: Schleicher Frères. 1898.

This book illustrates in a striking way the methods which make so many French treatises at once instructive and futile. Nothing can exceed the industry of the author. He has been at infinite pains to study and classify the returns of marriages, deaths, and births, not only from France as a whole, but also from particular departments and even communes. He has supplemented these labors by personal observations on the condition of the inhabitants in selected regions, and his generalizations are, so far as the movements of population are concerned, correct and of much value. He demonstrates mathematically the existence and the strength of important tendencies, and shows what these tendencies signify for the French nation. He has thus laid a substantial foundation for a conclusive determination of the causes which prevent the increase of population in France, and for the means by which these causes can be counteracted. This superstructure, however, he is unable to erect, and he is thus obliged to confine himself to lamentations over the present deplorable conditions and to gloomy prognostications of the future.

Before considering his statistics, we shall briefly explain this failure of his to make any profitable use of them. Attention has been forcibly directed in this country of late to the distinction between the Government and the community. We have seen patriotism defined as enthusiastic support of whatever policy and whatever measures our rulers, or a majority of them, are pleased to adopt, without regard to their effect on the general welfare. We have seen criticism of this policy and these measures denounced as treason, and the critics accused of "un-Americanism." Happily, a very large number of our citizens have not been silenced by this clamor, and among them are included most of those qualified by experience, by learning, and by disinterested public service to form an intelligent opinion. They understand wherein true patriotism consists, and are not prevented by the outcry of ignorant and corrupt demagogues from proclaiming that it consists as often in opposing the policy of rulers as in supporting it.

In France, however, we must recognize the fact that this confusion of thought and emotion, this most pernicious of political fallacies, is almost universally prevalent. There are a few disciples of the school of Turgot left, a few descendants of the believers in the rights of man. But they are very few, and they are without influence. The welfare of the French people is assumed to be whatever the rulers of France declare it to be; and hardly any one sees, or dares to say if he sees, that the policy of the French Government is in many respects ruinous to the prosperity of the people. Hence that policy receives no intelligent criticism. The condition into which France has been brought is everywhere admitted to be alarming; but no one is able to suggest any practical reforms. Those who lift up their voices, indeed, point out that if human nature were other than it is, in such respects as it pleases their fancy to imagine, the present policy of France might be continued; but their brilliant generalities have no practical value.

M. Dumont, for example, tells his fellow-citizens that they are deficient in "solidarity"; if they only had solidarity enough they would beget large families of children in order that the vast colonial possessions of France might be peopled, the French army increased in numbers, the revenues of the Government enlarged by additional taxes. He entirely ignores the fact that the colonial acquisitions of France are a curse to the country, that it was folly to seize territories which there were no Frenchmen to colonize, and which can never be inhabited by people of the French race. He is blind to the plain truth that it is madness for France to crush her people with the burden of a vast standing army, which is a menace not only to her own tranquillity, but also to that of Europe. France has no enemies except those of her own creation. No other Power has anything to gain by attacking her, and were her army to be disbanded, the country would be safer from attack than it is now. To beget children that they may be exiled to the Sahara, to Tonkin, or to Madagascar, or slaughtered on European battle-fields in wars that can only increase the miseries of the French people, is not an impulse of "solidarity." Solidarity means, as M. Dumont explains, what we call public spirit; and it is no exhibition of public spirit to promote a national policy which will ruin the nation.

M. Dumont's researches prove that the decline in French "natality" is due to no physiological cause, but to voluntary abstention from procreation. There is no lack of marriages, but they produce few children. He indulges in many speculations concerning the motives for this abstention, but he neglects the most important. He does not see that Frenchmen are unwilling to bring children into the world when they know that their lot will be worse than that of their parents. They know that the French law of inheritance will tear the heritage to pieces, and confiscate a large part of it in the process. They know that their sons must receive the corrupting education of the barracks, and that the dowries of their daughters will be wasted by taxation. Many of them decline the responsibility of thrusting existence under such conditions on human beings, and most of them decide that they will have, in any event, but one or two children. As the policy of the French Government is resulting in a decrease of foreign commerce, and even the deposits in the savings banks are declining, we need not be surprised that the population is also diminishing.

It is true, as M. Dumont argues, that luxurious living is unfavorable to a high birth-rate. People who devote themselves to sensual gratification think the pleasures of paternity are not worth the prolonged trouble of the care of children. To a certain extent this tendency may affect a whole people. When its wealth is declining under the influence of misgovernment, its birth-rate may also decline. But to attribute a general decline to the increase of selfish indulgence—which is what M. Dumont understands by "individualism"—is preposterous. His own labored statistics refute him. He proves that in many communities where the very idea of "solidarity" is unknown, the birth-rate is high. Some of these cantons he describes as "plongés dans l'ignorance et la superstition"; one department is "absolument étrangère aux mœurs et aux idées françaises." There are many communities where poor people limit the number of their offspring; there are many where well-to-do people do not. There are none, however, where the size of families is shown to have any connection with "solidarity"; it may be doubted if a single Frenchman ever begot a child with the intention of increasing the population of the French colonies. The general result of M. Dumont's investigations is that civilization and progress

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check the growth of population; he might claim to have proved inductively that only those Frenchmen have large families who are too ignorant to know or too besotted to care what their future may be. The evidence, however, appears to us to prove that Frenchmen refrain from having large families because their institutions discourage progress. It justifies the conclusion that if they were assured that their offspring would be exempt from military servitude, and would receive the savings of their parents intact, their families would be of sufficient size to dispel all apprehension of the extinction of the French race.

Saladin and the Fall of the Kingdom of Jerusalem. By Stanley Lane-Poole, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1898. [Heroes of the Nations Series.] Pp. xxiv + 416. 8 maps and plans; 3 folding genealogical and chronological charts; many contemporary illustrations.

There are comparatively few books in English which deal in a scholarly and trustworthy way with Muslim history, and to these Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole has made a welcome addition. The book is based throughout on a sound study of the original sources, and yet the weight of learning is borne lightly, and few lay readers will guess how much solid work has been put into it by the veteran numismatist. A few prints of coins inserted here and there for ornament are all that shows what is the chronological backbone of the book, and we are introduced to the authors of the written sources, Eastern and Western, in some half-dozen prefatory pages.

It may be said broadly, and yet with essential truth, that it is impossible to write Muslim (or any Oriental) history according to the canons of modern historical science. In one respect only are we on a sound basis; there are the coins and they do not tell lies. But beyond that there is no one of the means on which the modern historian relies to build up a certain narrative. The historian of the East has no letters, state-papers, treaties, records of any kind. Such a source as Domesday Book for early English history he cannot dream of. The laborious but sure fixing of facts by indirect references and odd remarks made by the way, with no reason for their falsification, has little place with him. There are few inscriptions, and the most of these are inaccessible; their *Corpus* has not struggled beyond the first number or two. Practically he is referred back to the Arabic historians, and only a student of these knows how they can lie. In them the Oriental imagination is seen at its best, and their reader must ever be on his guard not to be misled by popular aphorisms about smoke and fire.

Fortunately, the materials for the life of Saladin, though they are of this nature, are good of their kind. They comprise a formal biography, of a worshipful and eulogistic character, by Bahā ad-Dīn, who was in close intercourse with him through the last years of his life. Bahā ad-Dīn is a fairly honest man and good writer, but he cannot be trusted to tell anything to Saladin's discredit; thus the shadow over the Assassins and their relations to his master is broad and deep. Imād ad-Dīn, another of Saladin's secretaries, wrote a history of the winning back of Palestine and Jerusalem, rhetorical but still at first-hand. Ibn al-Athīr, a contemporary historian, gives the hostile criticism to balance the eulogy of Bahā ad-Dīn. Usāma ibn Munqidh, who died an old man five years before Saladin, left behind him a most entertaining autobiography full of side lights on his times. Abd al-Latīf, the great Baghdad physician, has left a record of how Saladin impressed him. Ibn Jubayr travelled through the Syria and Egypt of the time and wrote his travels. Then there are the crusading chroniclers, William of Tyre, Ernoul, and the rest. From all these a fairly sound if never absolutely certain historical picture may be constructed, and that has been done in the present biography. It cannot be doubted that its portrait of Saladin is true and just, even though we may find it difficult to understand how such and such qualities could be united in one character. Saladin was a Kurd and a Muslim, of Aryan blood and Semitic faith; and that may explain much. Many details, it is true, remain still obscure. The strange story of how he was dubbed knight by the great Constable, Humphrey of Toron, his dubious dealings with the Assassins, his hatred of the Templars—these may never be entirely cleared up. But there are some points on which the reader might, with justice, ask further light. It would not be necessary to go back to the beginning of all things to explain the religious situation of the time. Sūfiism, in its two forms, monotheistic and pantheistic, hardly has justice done to it; the explanations of such terms as Shāfi'ite, Shī'ite, Sunnite, of the difference between the Abbāsids and the Fātimids, are bald in the extreme. It is evident that Mr. Lane-Poole knows his ground, but he might tell his readers more. Probably he feared making his book too ponderous; but that is where skill is needed and may fairly be required.

Apart from this criticism, which is really a recognition of what Mr. Lane-Poole could do if he chose, we have little fault to find. One inevitable error clings fast. On page iv we have the old story that Nizām al-mulk had been a school-fellow of Omar Khayyām. When we consider that Nizām al-mulk was assassinated, nearly eighty years old, in 1092, while Omar did not die for another thirty years, we need hardly investigate further. But it can be shown that the whole legend, so dear to biographers of Omar, goes back to a book, the 'Wasāyā,' written probably in the fifteenth century, and thereafter falsely ascribed to Nizām al-mulk. (See Houtsma's edition of al-Bondārī, preface p. xiv, and Rieu in the 'Catalogue of the Persian MSS. in the British Museum,' ii, 446.) There are hardly any other points open to criticism except the veriest details. Boccaccio's use of Saladin in the 'Decameron' should have had part in the chapter on Saladin in romance; even there he is the chivalric and generous figure that afterwards appeared so often in Western literature. The standard misquotation, "the last infirmity of noble minds," plays again a part. But enough. The book is far too good, both as history and as literature, for any picking at weak points. It may be heartily recommended to all, whether specialists or not; the lay reader will enjoy it and the specialist will learn from it. The choice of illustrations is excellent, but the mechanical reproduction of some of them is very poor.

Christian Wagner: Der Bauer und Dichter zu Warmbronn. Eine ästhetisch-kritische und sozial-ethische Studie von Richard Weltrich. Mit einem Bildnis des Dichters in Lichtdruck nach dem Gemälde von Emilie Weisser. Stuttgart: Strecker & Moser. 1898. Pp. xii, 497.

Warmbronn is an obscure Suabian village lying about a dozen miles westward from Stuttgart and containing some seven hundred inhabitants, who live chiefly by rearing cattle and selling fire-wood and juniper berries. A couple of hours distant is the market-town Weil, the home of Luther's contemporary and coadjutor Brenz, and near it the old hamlet Magstadt, in which the astronomer Kepler was born as the son of a country innkeeper; while a few miles to the north is Leonberg, the birthplace of the philosopher Schelling, and now perhaps still more famous for a breed of dogs rivalling those of St. Bernard in strength and sagacity. No local celebrity has ever given especial distinction of this kind to Warmbronn; even the name has no etymological significance in its application to this place, since no record or tradition exists of any "warm spring" that dispensed its healing or cleansing waters there; least of all is it a spot where we should expect to find a "Pierian spring" or a single inhabitant thirsting for such a fountain. It was here, however, that Friedrich Christian Wagner, whose soul, as it takes expression in his poetry, is a living source of the warmest love for every form of life, was born on August 5, 1835.

He was the only child of his parents. The father combined the trade of a carpenter with the management of a small farm; the mother, whose maiden name was Friederike Weeber, belonged to a family which had produced one schoolmaster and one musician, and through her the boy seems to have inherited his taste for letters and his talent for poetry. As his rather frail physical constitution unfitted him for severe manual labor, it was deemed best that he should become a teacher, and for this purpose he attended the village school until his fourteenth year, when he went to Esslingen on the Neckar to enter the so-called Paedagogium, or Normal Institute, where, after a few weeks, he was taken ill, and, on the advice of a physician, sent home and obliged to abandon his prospective career. Fate decreed that he should remain a peasant and lead the life of "a homely swain" in the open air. This decision was unquestionably best for his physical, and perhaps also for his mental, health and growth, since it enabled him to gratify the intense and universal love of nature which is one of the strongest passions of his soul and most characteristic features of his poetry. To him the fields and woods of Warmbronn are, like *Prospero's* enchanted isle,

> "full of noises,
> Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not."

His imagination animates and personifies the simplest objects and endows them with thought and feeling. The violet, the lily, and the rose are to him not mere symbols of certain attributes, modesty, purity, and love, but independent entities, with characteristics akin to those of man and distinctly individual self-consciousness.

This subjective illusion, by virtue of which the phenomena of nature become the confederates of his mythopoetic conceptions, pervades all his creations. The first collection of his verses, entitled 'Sonntagsgänge,' consists almost exclusively of legendary interpretations of local flora, sometimes the

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amplifications of popular tales and traditions, but more frequently the suggestions of his own alert and genial fancy, as he wanders on Sunday through the meadows and forests. One of the most charming of these productions is that addressed to the anemones as "pale daughters of Zion," standing in groups and mournfully hanging their heads on Easter eve. Equally subtle and startling are the transformations wrought by his imagination with the buttercup, the daisy, the tulip, the spurge-laurel, the Turk's-cap, the slender shivering birch, and the blooming cherry tree.

As a peasant, Wagner is especially fond of rearing cattle and proud of having the finest specimens in his stall. When he began to own live stock, he firmly resolved never to fatten any animal for slaughter, but, if necessary to sell it, to find a purchaser who would treat it kindly and keep it alive. No amount of money could ever induce him to dispose of an ox, a pig, or a sheep to the butcher, and yet his scruples are not so strong as to prevent him from eating the flesh of animals with which he has no personal associations. His aversion to this kind of food, or rather his refusal to supply the shambles with it, would seem, therefore, to be based on romantic sentiment rather than on philosophic principle; and yet a closer investigation of the grounds of his conduct proves that such is not the case. He holds the doctrine of metempsychosis, and it is this psychological theory, and not a mere myth-making whim of the fancy, that endows all organisms with spiritual life and personality. Prof. Weltrich devotes the greater part of his volume to the exposition of Wagner's "Weltanschauung," and gives a succinct and exceedingly interesting history of the origin and evolution of the idea of the transmigration of souls and its influence upon the relation of man to the lower animals. It is curious to observe this comparatively unlettered peasant in an obscure Suabian village absorbed in "speculations high and deep," which have engaged the attention of Indian sages and Oriental metaphysicians from time immemorial without a final and irreversible conclusion being reached.

Besides the above-mentioned 'Sonntagsgänge,' Wagner has published three volumes of verses: 'Weihegeschenke,' 'Neuer Glaube,' and 'Neue Dichtungen,' all of which are pervaded by a vein of mysticism, and, although lyrical in form, have a decidedly ethical-didactic character. He is a man of warm affections, keen intellect, and creative imagination, a rare combination of "Dichter und Denker," and one hardly knows whether to wonder more at his gifts as a poet or his acuteness as a thinker. That he should sometimes strike the reader as monotonous and crude is not surprising in view of his defective education and the narrow sphere of his life. The marvel is that he should show such variety of invention in his productions.

Report on the Investigations into the Purification of the Ohio River Water, at Louisville, Kentucky. By George W. Fuller, Chief Chemist and Bacteriologist to the Louisville Water Company, etc. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co.

The investigations in question covered a period of nearly two years. We learn that the Ohio River water is at no time clear, or free from minute particles of suspended matter, and with every rain it becomes muddy. A table on page 17 shows 1,059 freshets, with one to forty-six feet rise, in a period of thirty-six years. The analyses indicate that at times the suspended matter amounts to from fifteen to sixteen tons, and for considerable periods two to three tons, for each million gallons of water. There is also at times serious pollution by sewage.

The experiments were mainly directed to testing the applicability of the "American" system of rapid filtration through sand, preceded by the injection of alum as a coagulant and a short period of sedimentation in settling tanks. The period allowed for subsidence was from twenty to sixty minutes. Three proprietary systems (viz., the Warren, Jewell, and Western), differing only in the less important details, gave filtered water of satisfactory color, odor, and taste, removed all suspended matter, some dissolved organic matter, and from 97 to 98 per cent. of the bacteria. Under careful operation, no alum appeared in the effluent. The carbonic-acid gas in the water was increased, making it more corrosive for steam-boilers, tanks, pipes, etc. The cost of the process is not given, but some of the elements of cost are furnished, and from these it is safe to conclude that it would not be less than $12 per million gallons in actual practice. The cost of alum alone for the 25,000,000 gallons of water needed daily to supply Louisville is estimated by the author at from $51,800 to $58,800 annually, or over $6 per million gallons. The author concludes that if the system is modified by increasing the period of sedimentation to twenty-four hours, the cost will be decreased and the results will be satisfactory. An investigation of coagulants shows that alum is the best for the purpose. Two systems of electric treatment failed utterly, and a polarite filter was found not to be applicable to this water.

The Lawrence experiments of the Massachusetts Board of Health were directed to the application of slow sand filtration, as practised in Europe, to purify naturally clear water charged with sewage; those at Providence and Long Branch, together with a number of successful plants in operation, had proved the value of the "American" system for clear, or slightly turbid, polluted waters; but the Louisville experiments are pioneer work in the treatment of the more troublesome, turbid waters of the Mississippi basin. Beyond the entire breakdown of the "American" system at New Orleans and its partial failure elsewhere, scanty data existed upon which intelligent opinion could be based, although few thoughtful engineers would have expected any filter to cope successfully with fifteen tons of mud per million gallons of water, without the aid of careful sedimentation. The whole investigation is thorough, timely, and suggestive.

Eighteenth Century Letters. Edited by Brimley Johnson. Henry Holt & Co. 1899.

The mere copiousness of a correspondence seldom deters the reader. No one is daunted by the fact that there are some twelve hundred pages of the Browning Letters to be read, and read carefully, or ever the tale is told. The drama enacted there lives and moves under the eye after more than half a century; and when the last luggage-label is bought, and we learn with breathless relief that the boxes are safely out of the house, we close the book with a feeling of personal loss that almost makes us sympathize with Mr. Barrett. It would be futile to make selections from a whole so organic. There are, however, letter-writers, even of the highest rank, about whom one feels, like Mr. Weller on matrimony, that it is hardly worth while going through so much to get so little. Of this class are Johnson and Chesterfield. Mr. Brimley Johnson has therefore done the public a service in editing, in two attractive volumes, under the title of 'Eighteenth Century Letters,' selections from the letters of the above-named authors and from Swift, Addison, and Steele. Johnson's letters have little literary interest. Except in the case of Mrs. Thrale, he disliked the exertion of letter-writing, and his correspondence, though it is full of sound sense and irreproachable moralizing, has a hopelessly perfunctory air. Nevertheless, about 1,100 of his letters have already been printed, and Dr. Birkbeck Hill, who writes a pleasant introduction to Mr. Johnson's first volume, intimates that from time to time others come to light. From Johnson to Chesterfield is a long drive, and the former at least would not have thanked his editor for their coalition. "The utmost that can be said of Chesterfield's Letters," said Macaulay, "is that they are the letters of a cleverish man." Like some other judgments of that rhetorical critic, this estimate of Chesterfield is quoted to-day only to discredit its author. On the other hand, Landor thought that "one reason why a gentleman has become almost as rare as a man of genius" was the neglect of these Letters. Mr. Johnson's edition includes several of the "Letters to his Godson" which appeared for the first time in 1890, and are, as a rule, far less entertaining than the earlier work.

Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole's introduction adds to the interest of the second volume, which is mainly devoted to the correspondence of Swift. Dr. Hill published this year, for the first time, Swift's Letters to Chetwode, a fact which has caused a revival of interest in the Journal to Stella. The present selection is from Sir Walter Scott's colossal edition. Addison's stately epistles are relieved by the advice to the young Earl of Warwick on bird-nesting; yet even on this theme he cannot forbear quoting Cicero and Statius. Steele's ill-spelt and ill-considered letters to his "dear dear Prue" are in contrast a great refreshment. There is certainly no offensive elaboration about the following:

DEAR PRUE,
I dine with Lord Hallifax and shall be at home half hour after six. For thee I dye, for thee I languish. RICHARD STEELE.

To our mind, Steele's effusions are the best reading of the collection.

The Land of the Pigmies. By Captain Guy Burrows. With introduction by H. M. Stanley, M.P. With illustrations from photographs and sketches by the author. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 8vo, pp. xxx, 299.

Captain Burrows was commander of a district in the eastern part of the Congo Free State from 1895 to 1897, but he has little to tell of his official life and work. Possibly he was not free to do so. He describes briefly his uneventful journey to his distant post, and one or two "punitive expeditions" in which he took part. Some information, also, is given in regard to the composition of the central government, and to the medical service, and there are a few missionary statistics. The greater part of the book consists of somewhat amateurish observations on the manner of life and customs of some

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of the tribes inhabiting the Upper Welié region, in which we have detected not much that is new. Novel is the statement that the "great ladies" of the Mang-bettous "wear the nails of the last three fingers of the left hand very long, to show that they do no manual labor." The most interesting chapter is upon the Akkas, or pigmies, whom the author claims to have had exceptional opportunities of studying. He says that they "have apparently no ties of family affection, such as those of mother to son, or sister to brother, and seem to be wanting in all social qualities, asking nothing more than to be let alone." On the other hand, though cunning, revengeful, and suspicious, the pigmy "will never steal." In proof of this assertion, Captain Burrows says that they are very fond of bananas, and that

"on returning from a day's hunting, the pigmy carefully wraps up several small pieces of meat in grass or leaves, betakes himself to the nearest banana plantation, and, having selected the bunches of bananas he requires, shins up the tree, cuts down the branches selected, and in payment affixes one of the small packets of meat to the stem by a little wooden skewer. By this means he satisfies his conscience, and can declare that he has not stolen the bananas, but only bought them."

An excellent marksman, "he will shoot three or four arrows, one after the other, with such rapidity that the last will have left the bow before the first has reached its goal." He has an excellent appetite, also, if the statement is not an exaggeration that he "eats as a rule twice as much as will suffice a full-grown man. He will take a stalk containing about sixty bananas, seat himself and eat them all at a meal—besides other food."

No great interest attaches to Mr. Stanley's introduction, or King Leopold's letter printed in the appendix, beyond the stress laid by the latter on the fact that all his efforts have been concentrated on occupying and guarding the frontiers of the State. This policy has its advantages in preventing such disputes as those between France and Great Britain in West Africa, but it means the deliberate subordination of the interests of the natives and the development of their country to a policy of forcible conquest, with all its attendant evils both to conquerors and conquered. A glossary of Mang-bettou words and phrases is appended, and there are numerous well-chosen illustrations.

The Foundations of England; or, Twelve Centuries of British History. (B. C. 55—A. D. 1154.) By Sir James H. Ramsay of Bamff, Bart. With maps and illustrations. Two volumes. Macmillan. 1898.

We must be content with indicating the general character of this extensive and painstaking work, since the multiplicity of its topics is such that any notice of special points would seem purely arbitrary and haphazard. Sir James Ramsay, who is already well known through his 'Lancaster and York,' puts forward the present volumes as a further instalment of his researches in English history. "Reasons to which I need not refer," he says, "induced me to begin by publishing the last section of my History first. But I do not propose to go on advancing by backward steps, and therefore I now go straight to the period at which the British Islands are first brought within the light of external history."

If we were seeking to define in a single phrase the quality of Sir James Ramsay's *opus*, we should style it a chronological dictionary of English antiquities. In brief, precise, and colorless paragraphs it considers almost all the main questions which arise from a consecutive survey of English progress down to the date where the study ends. Facts as they arise in due sequence are considered with reference to their truth. The basis upon which each rests has been examined, and copious citations from the original sources evince an independent accumulation of material from widely scattered quarters. Determination of evidence, then, is made the chief point. Exposition is rendered subservient to it in a way which fixes upon the book the character of a dictionary.

Executed as it is honestly and without perverting prepossessions, this compendium should be of great practical value, especially to teachers of English history. Since the days of Lappenberg, Pauli, and Pearson, the investigation of origins, though not always conducted systematically, has been continuous; and few will deny Sir James Ramsay's claim that "a fresh landmark may fairly now be set up." The only question is that regarding the particular author's ability and attainments. Of Sir James Ramsay's qualifications there can be no doubt whatever. He has worked on his subject diligently and with single purpose for many years. In the dedication he refers to his "lengthy task," and constant evidences of sustained effort show that this phrase is not merely an idle profession. Year by year, topic by topic, he advances steadily, without animation of style or desire to establish new theories of church and state, but with a persistent anxiety to get at the ground facts as they have occurred. His footnotes are so full that they furnish a tolerably complete bibliography of the best documents available in each case. When stating that the book will be useful to teachers, we have in mind the wealth of brief notes just mentioned, and the heavily leaded marginal headings which abound on each page. The text not only represents a vast amount of inquiry into minutiæ, but is so divided that it can be quickly consulted on all these separate particulars.

Topography is one of Sir James Ramsay's leading interests, and he is never more agreeably occupied than when discussing the site of an obscure battle-field, *e. g.*, the exact situation of *Mons Graupius*, where Agricola and Calgacus fought it out in 84 A. D. For the earlier Anglo-Saxon period he avows that "fixing of dates and sites is the most that can be done." At a later age, Brunanburh, Maldon, Ashington-Canewdon, and Senlac all furnish subjects for topographical excursions. In the last-mentioned case Sir James declares against palisades:

"With respect to a much disputed question, we find no sufficient authority for holding that the English position was protected by earthworks, palisades, or fixed defences of any sort. The only writer who introduces them is Wace in the *Roman de Rou;* his statements on the subject are inconsistent with each other, while neither he nor any other authority gives any incident of the action in any way implying their presence. On the contrary, we hear of the English as repeatedly breaking out of their ranks and then rejoining them without impediment; the Normans, on the other hand, gaining ground inch by inch."

One of the most admirable features of Sir James Ramsay's researches is a desire to throw light on English affairs by an examination of the Continental authorities. Thus, Baudri of Bourgeuil, Adam of Bremen, Rudolph Glaber, William of Poitiers, William of Jumièges, Robert de Monte, and Suger have been profitably examined, besides other greater or lesser chroniclers who figure in Pertz, Muratori, and the leading European collections. This thorough search is, of course, no more than should be expected of every systematic writer, but, because so often neglected, it signalizes Sir James Ramsay's care and erudition.

Against the meritorious features which we have named must be set some shortcomings. The style is not on a level with the information displayed. Even for scientific history it is unnecessarily bald, and we imagine that few will ever read the two stout volumes through. Again, for any work not avowedly a dictionary, facts are often too solidly tabulated, *e. g.*, vol. ii., p. 456, where one finds half a page of unbroken names—a list of Cistercian and Augustinian monasteries. To face it, p. 457, is another half-page of Stephen's children and grandchildren. Finally, the notes are sometimes trivial, and the proof-reading is not quite up to the mark.

On striking a balance, the praiseworthy part of Sir James Ramsay's work far outweighs that with which fault can be found, and both volumes deserve a place in every good historical library.

Letters of Walter Savage Landor, Public and Private. Edited by Stephen Wheeler. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1899.

Two years ago Mr. Stephen Wheeler edited a volume of letters and writings of Landor, hitherto unpublished. The present work is in the main a collection of letters addressed to Miss Rose Paynter, the niece of that Rose Aylmer whose memory received a sort of literary apotheosis in one of the most celebrated of English lyrics. "Whatever he may profess," Browning wrote, in 1860, to Forster, "the thing he really loves is a pretty girl to talk nonsense with; and he finds comfort in American visitors, who hold him in proper respect." To that amiable weakness we owe these letters. They are pleasant and garrulous, as might be expected; the letters of an old and disillusioned man, whom a massive and endearing self-conceit had kept free from a touch of sourness. Forster occasionally quoted from them in his biography of Landor, but for the most part they will be new to the public. The occasional poems that Landor was in the habit of enclosing to his "fair correspondent" will add little to his reputation. He was not a brilliant letter-writer, and the most that can be said for the present volume is that it gives a clearer picture than one had before of the life he led at Bath from 1838 till his death in 1863, after his final retreat from England. The public letters addressed to the *Examiner*, printed at the end of Mr. Wheeler's volume, need hardly have been exhumed from "the limbo of old newspapers." They are on political subjects, and Landor was no politician. Fisher's sketch of Landor in a passion, made in 1840, is very happy, and, though it borders on the limits of caricature, it is so convincing to the imagination that it should supersede all other portraits of the "old Roman."

Mr. Wheeler's volume is admirably got up, and contains, besides the sketch mentioned, a charming reproduction of a miniature of Miss Rose Paynter. We observe that Landor's 'Commentary on the Memoirs of Charles James Fox,' which was suppressed before publication, is now to be reprinted.

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The only copy known to exist is in the possession of the Earl of Crewe. All this shows a very admirable zeal for the memory of Landor. But we question whether the publishing of trifles that their author was willing to let die, is ever anything but a mistaken kindness. What Mr. Garnett did for Shelley and Mr. Kitton for Dickens, Mr. Wheeler is now doing for Landor. Will Landor's genuine admirers feel a becoming gratitude?

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alden, Mrs. G. R. A Modern Sacrifice. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. 75c.
Bay, J. C. Danish Fairy and Folk Tales. Harpers. $1.50.
Carlyle, Thomas. Wilhelm Meister. 2 vols. [Centenary Edition.] Scribners. $2.50.
Fortier, Prof. Alcée. Précis de l'Histoire de France. Macmillan. 75c.
Garland, Hamlin. Rose of Dutcher's Coolly. Macmillan. $1.50.
Hamilton, S. M. The Writings of Monroe. Vol. ii., 1794-1796. Putnams.
Kellogg, Rev. S. H. A Handbook of Comparative Religion. Philadelphia: Westminster Press.
Macpherson, H. C. Adam Smith. [Famous Scots.] Scribners. 75c.
Nazarbek, Avetis. Through the Storm. Pictures of Life in Armenia. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.
Ostrovsky's The Storm. Translated by Constance Garnett. Chicago: C. H. Sergel Co. $1.25.
Peattie, Ella W. Ickery Ann, and Other Girls and Boys. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
Sargent, A. J. The Economic Policy of Colbert. Longmans, Green & Co.
Sears, Hamblen. Fur and Feather Tales. Harpers. $1.75.
Sedgwick, Jane M. Sicilian Idyls, and Other Verses. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.25.
The Annual American Catalogue. 1898. New York: Publishers' Weekly.
The Rise and Fall of the United States. F. T. Neely.
Verestchagin, Vassili. "1812." Napoleon I. in Russia. Scribners. $1.75.

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